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AFTER SICKNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY H. B. H.

The crisis is passed, and now I can rest
So calm and so quiet, so perfectly blest,
That I wake with a start, and I question is this
The returning to life or the regions of bliss?

Too weak yet to think, I only can feel
The wavelets of consciousness over me steal;
Dim mem'ries of nights filled with torturing pain,
Of hoping and praying for morning again.

But now this is passed, and I'm waiting for life;
With tremulous yearning I reach forth for life;
Like the first breath of Spring, I can feel the warm thrill
Of life-blood returning, my being to fill.

'Tis sweet, in the quiet of noontide, to lie
In rest so delicious, like peace from on high;
To list the soft bird-notes, and catch the faint breath
Of flowers, and feel I am rescued from death.

Oh, when shall have passed all the care and the strife
Which go to make up what we mortals call life!
In that region where all are eternally blest,
May I find a heaven of quiet and rest.

IRENE:

THE SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,

AUTHOR OF "ERIE TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE," "LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

PASSION-FLOWERS.

Happy as most girls, and the more especially one so homeless and friendless, would have been made by the offer of marriage from such a man, it was trying to Irene, and she would far sooner the words had not been spoken—at least, that the time had been postponed.

The next meeting of the teacher and the pupil, the lover and the loved, was, consequently, one of peculiar embarrassment—would have been more so had not the presence of "Aunt Alice" sealed their lips to all of affection. That gave them time to somewhat school their hearts, and train eyes and blushes into subjection. And when they were again permitted to enjoy the society of each other unobserved, the first flush of passion had passed, and reason, as far as it is ever permitted in such cases, had resumed its sway. They were alone in the costly furnished but cosy parlor. It was not one of the great, barn-like rooms where everything is held too sacred to touch—where the happy laughter of children is never heard, and their merry rompings are never seen—where the curtains are only drawn and the windows opened upon rare occasions, save to "sweep and dust"—where the sunlight is never permitted to enter for fear of "fading the carpet," and where everyone who enters chills as with the dampness of a tomb. Out upon such miserable parsimony and disregard of human health and happiness! Better a home with the nomad children of the wilderness, where, at least, one can have the blessings of God's sunshine and pure air.

The hour had grown somewhat late. Their study was over for the time; the outside sounds of labor and tramp of tired men and women were hushed. The shaded lamps gave a subdued light. Irene was seated in the easiest of chairs. For some little time she had been able to discard crutches and cane, and though when walking she was accustomed to take the arm of "Aunt Alice" or her son, it was more a matter of form than actual necessity.

Charles Ashton was seated near, still holding the book, still lingering upon the beautiful and impassioned utterances of the "gardener's son."

"One little month more," he said, "and I shall glory in your presence upon the stage—shall see for the first time my idealization of Pauline. Irene! how I have longed for such an hour when I am vowing my attempt the part who, while looking it, failed to catch the deep, almost holy inspiration."

She glanced at him swiftly from under her long, soft lashes, and then dropped them again so as to effectually curtain her eyes, slightly flushed, drew her breath more deeply and silently, but made no answer, and he continued:

"In this respect I have rarely seen the character well played—at least, according to my conception of what it should be."

"And Claude?"

"As I have ever been egotistical upon this topic, let me give you the opinion of one who stands very high upon the stage—one to my mind foremost in elocution—James E. Murdoch."

"He certainly should be authority."

"I was once talking to him upon this subject, among others, and he said in substance 'that no man could play the character of Melnotte understandingly and as it should be, until he was too old to look it—that it required too much study.'"

"And is that," she questioned with an inquisitive smile, "why you have never attempted to do so in public?"

'No; my mother's feelings are a sufficient reason. But to yourself, Irene. I speak no flattery when I say that I expect from you the most pronounced success—that I shall triumph in your triumph—shall hang breathless upon your every word."

"Or," she said with a low laugh, "to follow your propensity for quotations:

"'As the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue.'"

"The quotation is apt, Irene, but it does not express all," and he laid his hand upon one of hers, that rested upon the arm of the chair in which she was seated.

She did not withdraw the little hand, although it trembled beneath his touch, and her color grew deeper and richer as he resumed:

"Much, Irene, as I have learned to know the true bent of your genius, great as are my anticipations of your standing in the very first rank of the profession you have chosen, yet I cannot but regret that I have been the means of spurring on your ambition—of taking any part in preparing you for the stage."

"Why?" she asked; and her surprise was not in the least assumed.

"Because I love you."

It was no time then for the words of studied quotations. A hundred floated up in memory; but the most eloquent words of another are tame when the heart feels the largeness of love for itself—when the wealth of long-slumbering passion bursts through all fetters, and eye speaks to eye and soul to soul.

"I love you, Irene, better than all the world. From the day I first saw your sweet face my love has ever been growing more strong—growing deeper and stronger as the beauty of your mind as well as person became known to me—and it is yours to say whether my future shall be sunshine or darkness."

There was scarcely a need for her lips to breathe any answer. Her rapt face told the story; and, as he stretched out his arms imploringly towards her, the beautiful head drooped upon his shoulders, and the first kiss of hearts twin-mated was given and returned.

"It is such happiness as I never dreamed of knowing," she said in the low and thrilling whispers valued at such blissful moments, "to be thus appreciated—thus loved. But——" And she hesitated, and would have freed herself from his warm clasping, had he not drawn her still more closely to his heart.

'But what, my darling?" he questioned tenderly.

"But—it cannot be."

"What cannot be?" and with gentle force he lifted her head and looked into the transparent depths of her eyes, well knowing that nothing of falsehood ever lurked there.

"I cannot be your—your wife."

"Are you mad?" he questioned.

"No, my—Lee."

When sufficiently familiar to do so—when his mother had innocently said, little dreaming how like a prophecy the words were, that Irene should be a daughter to her—she had adopted his middle name in place of the formal "Mr."

"No, Lee," she resumed after a brief pause; "I am not mad, but you would be so to throw yourself away upon me. You sprang from a long line of ancestors, I from an unknown race. You have wealth, position, everything the heart can desire. I have only unsullied honor."

"Hush, my darling. Do you not remember the lines we were but now reading?—'Love does not level the proud, but raises the humble.' No more of this. Providence threw you into these arms, you have grown into my heart, and henceforward that will be your home."

"But, Lee ——"

Kisses, such as only a man flushed with the first love of a heart keenly sensitive to passion and bowing as a slave before the shrine of female loveliness can give, caused any objections she would have made to be silenced for the time, and he went rapidly on.

"There are to be no 'buts.' You have not denied your love—you know mine—there is no reason against its consummation. My mother will be delighted to call you daughter. And as for the world, I have never lived for it, and least of all will bow to its dictum when choosing a wife."

"But my profession?"

"That is the ghost between us and happiness, and it is of my own raising. Would that my tongue had been palsied before I tempted you."

"You are wrong, Lee."

"Not so. Loving you as I do, how can I ever bear to see the homage you will receive—endure the plaudits—see you playing the lover with any other than myself? It will be terrible!"

"What! jealous already?" she answered with a bright smile. "But you know it will be playing only."

"Playing!" he repeated bitterly.

"And that nothing can ever change my love—yes, my love, and I am proud in the acknowledgment—my love for my—my darling!"

"But you will be away from me, Irene."

"Do you doubt me? Do you not know that you can trust me?"

He would have been false to his own belief had he not answered in the affirmative. He did so, and she went on, pressing her rosy fingers upon his mouth when he would have interrupted:

"I have promised to be your wife, and I will, God willing. But first I must make for myself a name you will not be ashamed to acknowledge. Think of my situation. Granted that a kind Heaven has given me something of beauty and talents, yet 'low birth and iron fortune' has been my lot. I am indebted to the kindness of your mother, of yourself, for shelter, and you would not have me come to you a penniless bride?"

"What care I for money? I have enough," he answered, almost savagely.

"I thank Heaven it is so. But you would not desire your wife to cast to the winds all of self-respect. Nay, darling," and she smoothed back the hair from his wrinkling forehead, "you would not have it so. I must measure my strength with the world—must bring to you a name for which you will have no reason to blush. When that is done, come and claim me. You awake an almost slumbering ambition within my breast. But fear not to trust me. You will ever be my only lover, my own, my earthly god."

"I could curse myself for teaching you aught but love."

She pointed to the little clock, chiming "twelve" in silver tones, as she replied:

"Trust me, my darling, and all will be well. But I must leave you now. To-morrow we will talk more of this matter. Yet seek not to change my determination. I shall climb to a dizzy height, and if I fall——"

"It shall be into these arms."

CHAPTER XVI.

VOX POPULI.

It would have been very difficult for Charles Ashton to have analyzed his feelings as he stood with the good-night kiss of Irene lingering upon his lips. He walked the floor rapidly, with feverish pulse, flushed brow, and fitfully beating heart, cursing his own stupidity and folly. And yet he could not but respect her the more for the stand she had taken, though marveling at her firmness. And all night long the tempest raged within his breast—would not be quieted. But when the dawn found him wearied and pale and hollow-eyed, he had mastered his feelings, and determined that, while he would assist the woman he worshiped to gain the glittering crown she coveted by every means within his power, she should but for a brief time tread the stage, and he would watch over her as lover never did over idol before.

Not that he fancied there would be any failure in love—that she would need any safeguards. No; his faith and trust were too firm for that. But he well remembered the words that, though

"Chaste as the icicle,
That's curdled by the frost of purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple,"

yet the world was filled with envy, malice and uncharitableness, and the higher the object the more a mark for their venomed shafts.

He endeavored, but in vain, to obtain a promise from Irene to leave the stage within a few months, a year—to name some time. She shook her head doubtfully, a shade willfully, prettily avoided a definite answer, promised she would think of the matter, and by the witchery of eyes and manner bound him still more closely to her, and made him feel that her triumphs would be his own, and playfully silenced him with apt quotations.

"The play," she said, "is to be 'The Lady of Lyons.' I am to be the Pauline, and, as you will not be the Claude, you must choose for me who shall be—choose where my debut shall be made—in short, be my 'man of business,' and make all the arrangements."

"Except dress, my dear child," said Aunt Alice. "That I shall direct myself."

The good woman had learned from her son how matters stood between them. He had come seeking her intercession with Irene, and the nobleness displayed had endeared the girl still more to her, and made her excessively anxious that there should be no failure. At least, there should not be so far as her part was concerned; and the house became bustling with sewing-girls under the direction of a skillful costumer.

"You will attend to all other necessary arrangements, Charles," said the interested old lady. "But let us know from time to time how you are getting along the night fixed upon, and the theatre. But, my son, give us ample time. You are unacquainted with the mysteries of the feminine wardrobe, and know not the time necessary for its perfect completion."

"All right, mother," and he quoted:

"In diamonds, curls, and rich brocades
She shines the first of flattered jades,
And flutters in her pride."

And, having obtained a few moments of private and precious conversation with Irene, he started upon his mission.

Under ordinary circumstances, the task he had undertaken was no easy one. Managers of first-class theatres are very apt to fight shy of young-lady debutantes. Too much of failure has been written against the names of those who (and their friends) fancied they were stars of the first magnitude to find themselves blotted out forever, or plodding along in a low position in "the stock."

Money and social influence are mighty powers in the land. Gold is a lever that, with avarice for a fulcrum, will overturn all preconceived opinions and interests, and shake the very foundations of the world, civilized or savage. Coal and cotton, claim as they may the title of king, are realmless when the yellow dust of the earth exalts its sceptre, and man is but its slave, boast as he may of freedom and independence.

This fact Charles Ashton soon learned, even if he had never done so before. Every argument of the sagacious manager was met with money. How should he be secured against loss? The answer was by gold. How would he be compensated for the new scenery and floral decorations Ashton thought necessary? Would not a check pay the bill? How about the extra printing? Would anything be more satisfactory than the green-tinted promises to pay signed with the demented, spider-like-track signatures of the Treasurer of the United States? It was gold that answered every objection and provided for every contingency, and if ever pathway to success was paved by it that of Irene was.

So, too, were the bristles of the critics smoothed down, oiled, and kept from rising. Charles Ashton was acquainted with many of the most to be dreaded among them, and, while he plainly said that he did not fear or wish to avoid any wholesome and legitimate advice, he was obnoxious to the "slay and spare not" style—to a wholesale slaughter of the innocents; he did not wish to blunt the points of their pens, but he did wish the ink they used to be diluted with mercy and justice, and not entirely composed of gall and wormwood. This was tossing (with other more solid arguments) a sop to Cerberus that told, and the effect could not but be beneficial.

He then turned his attention to the lords and ladies of the stage. And here a pleasant surprise awaited him. There was far less of jealousy and envy than he had imagined he would meet. It might be that the claws were kept hidden within the velvet—that at some future time they would be unsheathed; but nothing of it was shown now. The leading lady gracefully vacated for the night, and even offered to play a minor part, and the leading-man promised that, as far as in him lay, he would make smooth the way, and even proffered his willingness to "give the young lady a few private lessons, and teach her the strong points—for a consideration." This, however, was politely declined.

With the mane of that great lion the press smoothed down, and "soothing syrup" administered to keep quiet his uncertain temper; with the stage deities rendered complaisant, with the manager interested, the sky looked bright for success. And the very next day there began to appear in the papers delicate allusions to the expected appearance of a "young lady of one of the highest families in the city," of exceeding beauty and promise, with a mysterious description as to who and what she was that about used up all the ordinary stock of adjectives and adverbs, and left scarcely enough of the superlative flowers of literature for even a meagre bouquet.

A few days later the bills were underlined with the name of

MISS IRENE IRVING,

and a flaming announcement of the character in which she would "make her first appearance."

"So far, well," said Ashton, with a slight flutter of pride at his pronounced success; "and now everything depends upon my darling. If she is but true to herself, we will take the public by storm."

And "my darling" had little doubt of her own untried powers. "Dead-letter perfect" she certainly was, and her former experience would keep her from "stage-fright." In this she had very much the advantage of the majority of those who try their wings dramatic for the first time. Besides, her natural self-pose would stand as a good friend, and nothing of training in gesture and elocution had been neglected.

"The public, my dear Irene," said her lover, "are well prepared to give you a gracious reception. Your rare beauty and grace will win them the moment the curtain rises; and for the rest, unless they appreciate and applaud to the echo, they know nothing of what good acting is."

"I feel," she answered, looking proudly at his earnest face, "that I shall succeed. If there were no other inducement, my great love for you would carry me through. That is more precious to me than all else—I mean your love."

"And Heaven grant you may soon gain the high position at which you aim, and ——"

"Turn my back upon all my triumphs for the sake of yourself? It shall be so, dearest."

Both had the most sublime faith in the future. There was not a single speck of darkening cloud—or they saw it not. All was brightness and beauty and trust—the perfect trust of souls that looked only upon the slumbering sea, and gave no thought to the quicksands, breakers, hidden rocks, and ragged shore that lay in wait for every human bark.

If the son had done his work well, equally so had the mother. Indeed (to use the language of the playbills), the dresses had been gotten up "regardless of expense," and were a wonder of beauty in the costumer's art. Give a tasteful and experienced woman a *carte blanche* at Stewart's, and what will she not accomplish! And it is very much to be doubted if a Pauline would ever be more lavishly and exquisitely dressed. Indeed, the great difficulty was to keep "Aunt Alice" at all withfn bounds. After many years of heart-longing for a daughter upon whom to pour out the wealth of her affection, she had found one, and would scarcely be denied. The "pink satin, neatly trimmed, and train" of the first dress, and the "plain white silk" of the second did not coincide with her exalted ideas of the "eternal fitness" of such things, and her son had to laugh and scold her into something like the proprieties.

But at last everything was finished—all the arrangements perfected. There had been several private rehearsals with the "Claude" of the evening, and a grand dress one. Little bills announcing the cast and the fair debutante had been scattered as a snowstorm about the city, and the billboards and fences were covered with immense posters, in flaming colors, of the largest of "display type." Nothing had been neglected calculated to please and allure the public, and in a few hours their fiat would be given.

Would it be in applause or condemnation? Would she be hailed as worthy to take her place in the bright sisterhood of "stars," or "damned with faint praise?" Ah! that terrible first night.

She was very beautiful when she descended to the parlor—where her lover was anxiously pacing the floor—dressed in all the glory of white satin and lace and jewels. If loveliness alone could win the day, there would not be a dissenting voice.

"Beautiful exceedingly!" was the comment of Charles Ashton; and he would have clasped her to his heart had not his watchful mother raised her hands in horror, and exclaimed:

"Charles! Charles! What in the name of goodness are you about? You'll rumple her dress and muss her hair."

He retreated, took the little white hand with a low bow of mock bashfulness, and raised it to his lips as he laughingly replied:

"Ah! that magnificence of dress! It appears as a ghost between me and happiness. But, my darling, will you not pause even now, not stop before you tempt fate further, not give up the anticipated triumphs of the stage, and turn this glitter of dress into a wedding one?"

"It is too late," Irene answered. "My foot is upon the plowshare. But you know what I have promised, and it shall never be as false as 'dicers' oaths.' Come, sir, give me your arm, and escort me to the carriage."

"No, no!" again interposed Mrs. Ashton; "you will ruin her dress."

Her son endeavored to smile away his annoyance. He would even yet have seized an opportunity to whisper a few burning words—have left yet one more kiss upon the lips whose crimson shamed the freshly-blown carnation, and told the undying love of his heart. But his mother was a far too watchful duenna, and, extending his arm to the full length, he gave his finger-tips to Irene, and daintily waited upon her to the carriage. Yet he felt, as he did so, as if he were trampling his own hopes under foot; and for the first he discerned a little cloud in the future that might be blown away by the wind, or increase and blacken until it overspread the entire sky, and vomited forth the most baleful lightning. Who could tell?

The ride was a short and rapid one. There was time only for a few commonplaces, and then Irene was lifted from the carriage and entered the walls of a building whose like would hereafter be her glory or her shame.

Never since the day when it was first thrown open to the public had this "Temple of the Muses" been so crowded, jammed in every part. Long before the appointed hour of opening, "standing-room" was not to be found. And never had a more brilliant audience been gathered, or more of pent-up enthusiasm waited for an opportunity to outburst. Men came to feast their eyes upon the beauty that had been so heralded, women to find some flaw in the pearl that rumor had pronounced "peerless," and the cold-blooded critic to watch, not for perfectness, but faults, even though their wings had been loaded down with golden dust, and the points of their sharpest arrows blunted by wine and suppers.

There was a burst of music, a rustle of dresses as the fair owners bent forward, a momentary lull in the waving of fans, the tinkling of a little bell, and the curtain rolled slowly upwards, and disclosed the opening scene of "The Lady of Lyons," set with far more than customary splendor.

Theatres have rung with applause, stages been covered and beautiful actresses been "smothered" with flowers and bouquets before; but it would have been very difficult to watch the joyous confusion that ensued, and the more especially when Irene arose, and, standing fairly in sight of all, bowed her thanks for such a welcome.

That the beauty of person and dress had conquered at the outset was evident to all wise in such matters. The manager rubbed his hands with delight, and the heart of Charles Ashton was lifted in thankfulness, while that of Irene beat so fitfully that it was with great difficulty (when permitted so to do by the tempest of clapping hands and stamping feet) she could distinctly articulate the words of the text: "Who could have sent me these beautiful flowers?"

The entire play was a succession of triumphs. There was nothing of the greenness of the novice. Every point was well made, and brought down the house, particularly where love triumphs over pride, and she exclaims: "Claude, take me! Thou canst not give me wealth, title, station, but thou canst give me a true and loving heart." There was such pathos and trust in it as has rarely been equaled; and when Irene was called before the curtain at the close, the applause was spontaneous and hearty.

But she lingered no longer than was necessary—was met and carried away from the hungry eyes of the loungers around by her lover; and when at home, tired and flushed, her fair cheek pressed the pillow, it was not to sleep for many hours, and then to dream that the godesses of Tragedy and Comedy knelt before her and proffered her a glorious crown.

She had passed the ordeal, and won the fame her soul craved. Would it bring happiness and content? Even in her golden dreams something she would have caught, eluded her grasp, reach as she would; and when Charles Ashton advised her to discontinue her efforts, she turned a look of scorn upon him, pushed him coldly aside, and pressed up the dizzy height.

And something of this lingered in memory when she sat, after the late breakfast with which she had only toyed, and heard from him the comments of the various papers—all of which he had secured. One was simply a repetition of the other, so far as the verdict of the "most emphatic success" was concerned, though each appeared to have striven to outdo the other in florid writing and extravagant praise.

"Are you satisfied, my darling?" he questioned when he had finished reading.

"Yes, for the present," she answered slowly and thoughtfully.

He looked at her as if in doubt as to the correct meaning she would impart; and, as she flushed under his gaze, he turned and left the room, murmuring under his breath something about ambition having tempted angels.

CHAPTER XVII.

HEART-TRIALS.

Irene was a great success. It must be so. The public had spoken, the press was unanimous—there was no questioning the Vox Populi!

LUCY ISABELLA BUCKSTONE.

SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS."

Carried upon the very topmost wave of success, "the young, beautiful and accomplished artist," who had instantly surmounted all obstacles, appeared tri-weekly in varied characters, winning renown in all, though it was perhaps in (what is so frequently used as a test) the role of Julia in "The Hunchback" that she most enthralled the audience.

In the language of one evidently honest critic, "it was a noble and sustained performance, filled with tremendous energy of passion and tenderness, and sounding the very depths of pathos. Her exclamation of 'Do it!' in the scene with Master Walter was a remarkable instance of the one, and her half-fond and half-impatient 'Clifford, is it you?' an exquisite example of the other."

In short, the papers were filled and the city rang with praises of her loveliness, grace and magnificent renditions, and it would have been wonderful had not a head so young been turned and a heart so ambitious longed, Alexander like, for new worlds to conquer.

But the effect of such constant study and exertion and late hours told upon her. It could not have been otherwise, and the first to notice it was her lover. He felt, and very deeply, that she was losing some of the fresh bouquet of roses from her cheeks, that unless there was rest her health would be undermined, and, more bitterly than all that, the time he longed to claim as his own was given to others.

"My darling," he said, entering the room where she was seated, upon one of her "off days," surrounded by the papers whose notices of the performance of the previous evening she had just been reading, "I have come to have a serious conversation with you."

"If so, I beg you to postpone it. I am not in the mood," she answered with a laugh that jarred upon his nerves. It was so unlike her former glad, bird-like one—was so strained, and had such a metallic ring.

"Not in the mood?" he questioned, with astonishment evident in his tones. "Can it be that you are ever in the mood not to talk to *me*?"

"Is it always sunshine in the heavens? Do the birds always sing? Is an instrument never out of tune?"

"If you have any trouble, who should be the first to know it?"

"Your mother. But look at this unjust and bitter article upon my Countess in 'Love.' As if I did not comprehend, did not know how to play the part—knew nothing of the 'grande passion!' I'm outraged."

"I fear you know too little, or too much," he answered with a sigh.

She glanced up suspiciously from under the long, silken lashes, while a brighter tint momentarily dyed her cheeks. But she handed him the paper with a simple:

"Read, please."

"Jealousy is the ink that filled the pen that wrote these lines," he said. "There is nothing of justice in it."

"Jealousy of whom?"

"Of yourself. When you took without a struggle the foremost place, it was to step, so to speak, upon the necks of others. This was peculiarly your case, and it has caused envy and heart-burnings."

"Then some rival is at the bottom of this, and has dictated it?" she answered with flashing eyes.

"Very like. It would be but human nature."

"And would pull me down, that she might rise?" and the frown deepened upon her brow, and her bosom heaved tumultuously, and the white lines of anger could be traced around the beautiful and mobile lips.

"Say rather that she would regain the throne you have usurped. No queen can calmly abide the tearing-away of the crown from her brow."

"It is monstrous!"

She arose and walked the floor with more of true tragedy than she had ever exhibited in public, with face flushed with passion and fingers working convulsively.

"It is," he answered calmly, "but what I warned you of—what you must expect—will meet you at every turn. Why, then, not be satisfied with your present glory, and ——"

"And let them triumph? That shall never be. I'll teach them who is their peer, silence their false tongues, make them bow their knee in public, even though in private they may hate."

"Softly, my darling."

"Darling? You dare to call me so, and permit such an article to remain unanswered? If I were a man and loved a woman as you pretend to do, I would soon make the writer of this infamous notice eat his words!" and she tore the obnoxious paper into fragments, and trampled them ruthlessly under her feet.

"The tempest rages," he murmured involuntarily, thinking of Master Walter when the rage of Julia blazed forth, and how splendid she would then appear upon the stage. Then he said aloud, but in sorrowful tones: "Pretend to love you, Irene? Is it kind in you to thus question a passion that is devotion?"

"Idle words!" she answered, turning full-faced towards him, with her form braced and drawn to its greatest attitude, with cheeks creaming with purple and eyes that burned. "Love is something more than mere honeyed whispers. It is action—defense."

"God knows how willingly I would give my life to secure happiness to yours, Irene."

"And yet you will see me traduced and abused, and not raise a finger in my vindication!"

"You are permitting passion to run away with reason. Reflect that you have given yourself to the public—that the press has the undoubted right to and will criticise—that other women have ardent lovers, and will be swayed by them just as easily and as much as you wish me to be."

"And you think," she said, looking him squarely in the eyes, and with an expression in her own, even, that almost caused a shudder to run through him, and fell as icy drops upon his hot heart, "that love for another, that worship at another shrine, has caused such wormwood and gall to be sprinkled over me?"

"That certainly is my idea of the matter."

"So!"

There was something terrible to him in the expression of her face, while then as the marble statue of Psyche that looked tranquilly down from its niche in the library hall—something terrible in the almost serpent hiss of the exclamation. And he would have remonstrated—would have bent all his energies to still the fitfully-beating heart, to pour oil upon the troubled waters, to have lured her from what he saw (alas! too late) would be a dangerous calling for one of so fiery a nature—have persuaded her to turn her back forever upon the glitter and false romance of the stage, had time been given. But it was not to be. The golden opportunity was frustrated. A servant entered and announced the manager of the theatre at which she was the star.

"Show him in!" Irene exclaimed gladly. "The very man above all others I would see."

"But one word, Irene," pleaded her lover. "Will you not give me some definite promise when you will leave the stage?"

"Leave it?" she answered. "Man! I have but just put my foot upon the stairs, and I shall never falter until I reach the top."

"Then farewell, love," he sighed.

"For a time only," she replied, a shade more tenderly. "We are young—we can wait. Now I am the veriest slave of ambition."

"And I of despair," he murmured to himself, and turned and left the room by one door as the manager was entering by another.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SNAKE-CHARMING IN INDIA.—A native servant suddenly bounded forward with a loud cry, and, seizing some object, threw it upon the wide gravel path. It was a cobra. He rushed to the spot where the creature had fallen, and squatted down before it. With expanded hood, the hissing snake reared itself half up, and, wriggling its body, darted its head about in all directions; but the man was immovable. He fixed his glowing eyes upon the reptile, and blew softly at it; but it dared not strike, though its hooded face was on a level with that of the man, its cold, oblique eye looking into his, not the length of a foot between them. It was a magnificent spectacle. Save for the angry hiss of the serpent, the scene passed in perfect silence. The man again and again breathed upon it, seized it, stroked it, permitted its long length to curl round his limbs, and threw it away for the struggle to recommence. The man, who was pale, almost rigid, with suppressed excitement, called for a chatty-pot, a vessel with bulging sides and narrow neck. He continued to pat the creature, puffing at it till the enraged but subjugated cobra wriggled itself into the pot.

THE GALLERY CRITIC:

HIS OPINIONS ON THINGS THEATRICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY BARRY CROTON.

It was in the gallery of the Bowery Theatre, not many nights ago, that I made the acquaintance of Shiney. I may remark, incidentally, that when I attend the Bowery I always sit in the gallery. At the Broadway houses an orchestra-chair is to be preferred; but if anyone desires to get anything like a just idea of the Bowery Theatre, he must take his seat in the gallery.

Shiney was perhaps sixteen years old. He wore a blue-cotton shirt, a vest which served also as a coat, and a pair of trowsers very tight at the knees and very large at the bottoms. He was not burdened with any of those fanciful encumbrances of dress, such as a collar, cravat or gloves. His hair was cropped so closely that a comb became useless. He had a nose emphatically "pug," a keen blue eye, a freckled face, and a mouth of generous proportions. I became conscious of the existence of this mouth before I had observed its owner.

"Shoot the plug!" said Shiney as he caught sight of my freshly-blocked silk hat.

I sat down by his side, and pretended to take no notice of this gentle insinuation. But Shiney was not to be overcome by silence.

"Look at his nibs with four eyes," he remarked, thus seeking to cast reproach upon my concave lenses. I concluded that unconsciousness would not serve my purpose in the presence of Shiney; and so I turned upon him and said familiarly:

"This is a good house."

Whether it was his surprise at hearing himself thus civilly addressed, or whether my eye-glasses and hat produced a favorable effect, I cannot say; but Shiney at once evinced a disposition to be both friendly and communicative.

"Yes, this here is a mashin' good house," he rejoined, leaning back with his elbows on the top of the bench. "One of the biggest o' the season."

"You come here often, do you?" I asked.

Before replying to this question, Shiney took a scrutinizing look at my face, as though to satisfy himself that the interrogatory was put in good faith: and this, I noticed, he continued to do at intervals more or less frequent during our conversation.

"Every week," was his answer when the seriousness of my face had seemed to convince him that I was in earnest. "If the bill is a good one—a bustin' good one, I comes twiced!"

"You are fond of the theatre, then?" I said.

"Yes, I likes it pooty well, boss." And then, with a sigh, he added: "But they don't have no sich shows as they used for to do!"

That sounded so much like an echo of the critics who sit in the chairs, that I could with difficulty repress a smile.

"So you think that the theatres now are not as good as formerly?" I said.

"Maybe they bes as good," replied Shiney, "but I don't likes 'em as well. You see, when a feller gets too much pie it makes him sick; and when he gets too much show he kinder turns agin it."

Just here the overture by the orchestra came to an end, and my young friend called out vigorously:

"Hist the rag!"

Which cry was taken up by a number of other voices, and repeated until the raising of the curtain.

Albeit Shiney had given me to understand that frequent attendance at the theatre had bred the seeds of *ennui* in his breast, I observed that he paid the closest attention to the play. It was of the thrilling, melodramatic nature, which finds its most congenial home on the boards of the Bowery. I have forgotten its title, but I know there was a great deal of suffering virtue depicted in the story. There was also a strong flavoring of villainy, which triumphed up to the last act, and was then ignominiously defeated, as is deserved to be.

When the curtain went down on the first act, I turned to Shiney and asked him what he thought of the performance.

"Pooty fair," he answered. "But you can't tell nothing about a play from one act."

This observation struck me as eminently just. I thereupon asked the young critic's opinion of the actors.

"Shawsey"—this was the hero of the piece—"Shawsey's a-doin' himself proud. He allers does. But he can play better'n that when he gets warmed up. Yer oughter seen him in Six-footed Jake the Modoc Slayer! There's where yer git it! Talk about actin'! Did yer ever see him in Six-footed Jake?"

I was forced to confess that I had never enjoyed that pleasure.

"Best play on the boards," remarked Shiney impressively. "Jest paralyzed the aujence. Mashed 'em the first night. Yer oughter see it!"

I replied that I should certainly avail myself of the first opportunity presented of becoming "paralyzed" and "mashed" by Six-footed Jake.

During the second act of the play, Shiney continued to give undivided attention to the performance; and whenever, in his judgment, it was merited, he bestowed liberal applause. The act ended with the rescue of the heroine from the power of the black-whiskered villain, which gave Shiney undisguised pleasure.

"I knowed Shawsey would fetch him," he remarked, settling back in his seat. "That's the kind of a clothes-pin Shawsey is!"

In the third act Innocence was again overmastered by Infamy, and there was presented a painfully realistic scene of the death of a child in the midst of extreme poverty. As the curtain descended I turned to look at Shiney. He had become oblivious to all else save the mimic grief of the actors; and so intense was his feeling that he made no effort to hide the tears which trickled down his cheek.

Those tears, I fancy, bespoke a warmer heart than beat in the breast of many who witnessed the performance from the chairs below.

"If Shawsey could only have got in there," he said when the strains of the orchestra had awakened him again to the realties of life, "I'll bet he'd a-saved that little gal somshow!"

"It makes a good scene," I suggested, looking at it from an artistic rather than a sympathetic standpoint.

"She hadn't oughter died," returned Shiney. "A feller don't want to feel bad when he goes to the theaytre. An' there's 'nough dying and all that without seein' it on the stage!"

This philosophical reflection accorded so nearly with my own views that I raise no objections.

"You are not fond of tragedy, then?" I asked.

"I likes it sometimes," was the reply. "But this here is different. When you sees tragedy you don't sees no little gals a-dyin'. I allers goes out when Evy dies in 'Uncle Tom.' But as for 'Hemlet,' now, I likes that immense!"

"You have seen 'Hamlet' played, have you?" I inquired in some surprise.

The question, I regret to say, did not impress Shiney favorably. After eyeing me intently for a full minute, he turned to one of his companions, who was sitting two or three seats back, and called out to him in evident disgust:

"Say, Patsy; here's a guy as wants to know whether I ever seen 'Hemlet' played!"

"Tell him to salt his tail!" was Patsy's somewhat enigmatical response.

Then Shiney turned upon me again, and took another scrutinizing survey of my countenance. I appreciated the fact that I had made a mistake in questioning the theatrical experience of this gallery critic. In order to make such reparation as in my power lay, I said:

"Everybody likes Shakespeare."

"Yes," assented Shiney; "Shakes was no snide. His 'Hemlet' is a rip-staver. So's 'Richard the Three.' So's 'Macbeth.' And 'Hen-er-y the Eight'—nothin' plated about that!"

"And 'Othello?'" I suggested.

Shiney shook his head disparagingly.

"I don't like that nigger. He was a galoot. He went an' smothered Des-de-monia when she hadn't done nothin' at all. 'Cause o' that Yago, who give the other feller the wipe. He was a muff!"

"Which of the plays do you like best?" I inquired, amused at this remarkable criticism of Shakespeare.

"I think I like 'Makebeth' the best," answered Shiney. "No—'Ju-li-ous Cæsar'—that's the play fur yer! Aint that speech of Anthony the cheese?"

I admitted that Antony's speech was undeniably "the cheese."

"Yer jest shoutin'!" returned Shiney enthusiastically. "He makes things howl an' no mistake. I played in 'Julious Cæsar' myself wonst!"

"Did you?" I said in surprise.

"Yes, up at Booth's. I was one of the Roman citizens. I'd a-staid longer only fur Ginsey Flaherty."

"What did Ginsey do?" I inquired.

"He runned his speer inter me as we was a-goin' off of the stage, and then I turned around and mashed his hemlet fur him. An' they bounced me."

"That was bad," said I.

"Oh, I didn't care," rejoined Shiney. "I didn't like actin' very well, anyhow. I'd rather look on. Did you ever see Shawsey play Hemlet?"

Again I was obliged to confess that my experience was more limited than that of the gallery critic's.

"He don't play it much nowadays, but he can do it when he wants to. Don't you forget it! He's the tallest Hemlet as ever was. That's his trump card next to Six-footed Jake. And you oughter see him in 'Richard the Three!' When he sings out: 'A horse, a horse—my kingdom fur a nag!' aint that business, though?"

"That is very exciting," I said.

"Why don't they write sich plays as them now?" inquired Shiney.

I was relieved from answering this question by the rising of the curtain, and while the gallery critic studied the stage I was left to wonder why they don't write plays like Shakespeare's now.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W., South Boston.—1. No matter where born, or what the calling of its parents, the son of American citizens, whether native or adopted, is eligible to the Presidency. In case the father is an adopted citizen, the child must have been born subsequently to the father's becoming a citizen. The child can lose his inherited citizenship only through the father's forfeiting his. As to such a child becoming President of the United States, its possibility has never been tested. Our own opinion is that he would not receive votes enough to elect him. 2. Andrew Jackson was born in the Waxsaw Settlement, North Carolina. James Buchanan was born at Stony Batter, Franklin County, Pa.

ASA KLUSS, New Orleans.—1. Our decision has always been that, at euchre, an assisted player cannot go alone. There are three reasons in favor of this decision, while there is only one, and that not very conclusive, in support of the comparatively modern theory that an assisted player can go alone. 2. We have never advised that the point be made the subject of a special agreement.

NEW YORK CITY.—1. "When a man is running to first base, after hitting the ball, and the ball reaches there exactly with him, is he out? 2. Has not the ball to be held in the first-baseman's hand before he reaches first base?" . . . The base-runner is not out unless the ball is plainly held by the base-player *before* the base-runner reaches the base, if at the same time the latter is not out. If there be any doubt, it must be given in favor of the runner.

T. G. H., Syracuse.—The only way you could obtain an engagement would be to apply in person to the manager of some troupe visiting your town—not for immediate employment, as his company would then be full, but for next time in the future; or else write to one of the dramatic agencies in this city.

J. H. O'B.—1. In 1870. 2. The hull of the Marion was built at Newburg, N. Y.; her engine was built in West street, this city. 3. The distance between New York and San Francisco, via Cape Horn, is about 21,660 statute miles, or 18,830 geographical. 4. The 9 and the 8 man are both out.

SOCKS, Fort Worth, Texas.—"A bats a base-hit and overruns first, stopping with the evident intention of returning to first. The ball is sent to first, and not held, which A sees and runs to second without retouching first. The ball is then held on first, when he is at second. Is he out?" . . . . He is not out.

F. L. S.—Both are right. The question is like one of longitude—it depends upon what country you are in. Expressing a billion thus (1,000,000,000) is what is known as the French system, which may be regarded as now in force in this country, while that formerly the English system (1,000,000,000,000) prevailed.

ROBT. C. BENJAMIS.—Your intentions are doubtless good enough, but if you had kept your eyes and ears open since your arrival you would have been aware that there are three first-class cricket clubs in this city—St. George, New York and Manhattan—a like number in Philadelphia, and several in New Jersey.

O., Providence.—1. Neither. B should have claimed the game as soon as he had taken in five points. 2. There is no precedence, and there can be no rule if the game is played properly—"first call, first out, and a false call forfeits the game." 3. A player cannot raise his own build. 4. A sweep is as natural a point as any other.

C. A., Montreal.—1. Such a person could not procure an engagement without having some professional reputation. 2. We do not print plays. 3. Of any printing house in this city. 4. Yes. 5. In the Summer is the time to make engagements.

BASE HIT, Philadelphia.—1. The Athletics are not contestants for any championship pennant this season. 2. The Mutual Club of 1876 is defunct. The New York Club of 1876 are also *non est*. 4. They are playing for gate-money—what all the professionals are after.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—The steamboat Armenia was a passenger boat up to the close of last season, and has never, to our knowledge, been used as a towboat. As you re-side here, you can apply at headquarters for positive information.

S. C.—It depends upon circumstances. Any Government of which a man was formerly a subject can give him a right to citizenship by getting bands on him, if they care to do so. The country of his adoption is not likely to invite a war on his account merely.

SPORT, Irvington.—Fort Lafayette used to be called Fort Diamond. We never heard of any other by that name. Fort Hamilton is on the Brooklyn side of it, and Fort Wadsworth on the Staten Island side.

M. MACKEM, Phila.—1. Jim Morton and Billy McLean fought on Stephen Ott's farm, near Elktown, in Delaware, Dec. 6, 1870. 2. Murray's seconds were Patsy Hogan and Pat McDonald.

BOSTON.—The four-oared shell race rowed at Boston, Mass., July 5, 1875, was over a four-mile course (two miles and repeat), and was won by the Faulkner-Reagan crew in 29 30. Shawmut third, Shamrock third.

J. T. A., Company D, 11th Infantry.—When "Article 47" was first produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, in this city, April 2, 1872, Miss Fanny Davenport acted the Baroness of Mirac.

E. B. AND J. B., Moline.—The Baltimore & Ohio was the first passenger railroad in this country, horses being used at first. The Charleston & Hamburg was the first built to carry passengers by steam power.

WILLIS SHAKESPEARE.—Col. Monstery's school of arms is at 253 Sixth avenue, but his company would then be out of town. He makes no pretensions to knowledge in the art of swordsmanship.

STRUGGLING, Brockton.—1. We cannot undertake to recommend firms, but the person you name manufactures magical tricks. 2. It depends upon his skill and reputation.

RIGHT AND LEFT BOWERS.—1. Having passed after the draw, the player, not being the "age," could walk around the block. He was out of the race. 2. All the players having passed after the draw, the "age" passed into the pot.

G. W.—1. You are too late to get an engagement with a circus this season, the companies being all made up. 2. Single trapeze performers command from $20 to $75 per week; double trapeze from $30 to $100.

CONSTANT READER, Big Cove.—We presume that by "perrie winkle" you mean sancho pedro. If so, then the count is high, low, jack and game, after which comes "perrie," if it is a higher card than "winkle."

STAKEHOLDER, Chicago.—It would take months to get data upon which to decide, and then it would be about an even thing that the decision would be wrong.

AN OLD READER, Boston.—Inquire at Goulland's music store, in your city. The person named has never published any work.

H. P., Phila.—The jack counts, unless it can be established that the misdeal occurred before the jack was turned.

CURIOSITY, Montreal.—It is a slang word used to indicate an incompetent or only mediocre performer, who has a high opinion of his professional abilities.

C. T. & R., Brooklyn.—Samuel French & Son, No. 122 Nassau street, and R. M. De Witt, 33 Rose street, this city, publish a number of works for readings and recitations.

J. J. BOYD, Columbus.—It is very good walking. Mr. Lake can make a respectable living otherwise we would advise him not to depend on pedestrianism.

VIOLIN, P. O.—Geo. Gemunder has removed to Philadelphia, Pa. His brother August, also a violin maker and repairer, is at 393 Bowery, New York.

A. L. W., Rock Hill.—You could not import them unless you got a friend to bring them for you. The steamship lines do not bring them as freight.

MINERVA, New Orleans.—1, 2. As both parties are now acting in this city, make inquiry at the theatre, where they are engaged. 3. See CLIPPER ALMANAC for this year.

F., Poughkeepsie.—1. Such statement was made for advertising purposes. 2. There are several operatic singers who command $1,000 per night.

W. H. L., Providence.—Thanks for the information; but, as we gave no name, it may perhaps be well to wait a while for future developments.

MURPHY, Erie.—Clinton led Higham by an average of 3-38 to 3-25 at the ball in 1876. The slime books give the palm to Clinton by 3-38 to 3-24.

W. H. E., Roxbury.—They are of too recent date to be of much interest.

MIKE AND MARY, Boston.—1. Catherine Cone. 2. Probably in this city. 3. About 32 years of age.

F. H. C., Newburg.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

AN OLD READER, Montreal.—1. W. H. Whalley—not "on the 7th inst." but on April 7, 1876. 2. Do not know.

"UNKNOWN," Savannah.—It is one of the peculiarities of cribbage that the three cards in that case count eight.

J. F. R., Boston.—The pins are seventeen inches high, and five inches in diameter at the base.

S. W. AND C., St. Louis.—The charge is $50, and we furnish our own cut.

S. S. B.—Do not know where such notions are manufactured.

B. T. N., Clyde.—There was such a player here four years ago, but we have not heard of him in this vicinity since.

A READER, Washington.—Bowlers here know nothing of such a game.

A. G. FIELD.—Your other advice did not reach us. Have forwarded your letter to Columbus, O.

CONSTANT READER, Nashville.—1. Yes, on general principles. There is an exception to the rule, however. 2. Never.

CONSTANT READER.—A and B cannot enter into any such agreements.

J. F. L., Greenpoint.—The player has no right to inform his partner, the dealer, that the latter is misdealing.

A. B. M., Janesville.—Thank you. Credentials are not necessary.

DECLINED—"Down Where the Brooklet Flows," "At the Opera."

O. M., Wallingford.—As the case is stated, J. B. loses, not having beaten his man.

D. V.—Standing at 17, the game being 21, A could call himself out as soon as he took in cards as the tools in question.

CONSTANT READER.—The "joker" has no business in the pack in a game of rounce.

M. P. F., Boston.—Lotta was born in Grand street, New York, Nov. 7, 1847.

JOHN WILKINSON, Richmond.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents, contains that information.

CONSTANT CHESTER.—I know. There is no better record here than 10 seconds for 100 yards.

CONSTANT, Peru.—Watch our Variety and Circus Summaries.

MUSIC.—There was no prize for good music given at the Boston Peace Jubilee Concerts.

K. MCD., Natchez.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will probably reach him.

REX, Hamilton.—Unless you are a British subject you cannot copyright a play in England or Canada.

J. H. BOYD, Columbus.—1. Mr. Lake can present vol. 2. Said to be Lawrence Brannigan. 3. It is uncertain.

C. A. S., Camp Grant.—Mr. Charles O'Conor courteously replies: "Jan. 22, 1804, city of New York."

CONSTANT READER.—The stage manager attends to the business of the piece, and gives directions for the scenery.

S. & H., Syracuse.—The Stars and Hartfords had a tie, 3 to 3, on Sept. 23, in a five-inning game played at Syracuse.

WILLIS, Rahway.—The Rose Hills have reorganized, we believe, but we do not know what nine they have.

REPORTER.—All regular baseball reporters are admitted to the baseball grounds free, but not all reporters.

J. MCC., Schuylkill Haven.—Some one of our advertisers can supply you.

RESSIE, Elizabeth.—Address a letter to him in care of this office.

L. MARCHANDO, Chicago.—If you send a deposit to make good the challenge, it will be published.

CONSTANT READER.—Apply to Edward James, as per advertisement in THE CLIPPER.

E. L., Louisville.—A's club must score at least two runs.

R. MITCHELL, Erie.—We do not know of any one engaged.

MNEMOSYNE.—"Gopher Jim" and "An Arm or a Life."

UNIQUE, Brooklyn.—Let him read Hazlitt's criticisms.

WINDSOR.—Address a letter to the care of this office.

E. E., Keokuk.—Thanks, but we do not care for them.

GEO. M.—As you state the case, your throwing 13 wins.

S. F. N., Quebec.—Censuses are not taken every year.

H. P. F., Phila.—No charge for publishing such items.

W. A. S., Richmond.—Write to Prang & Co., Boston.

CONSTANT READER, Quebec.—Calls for a heart only.

W. H., Philadelphia.—He is about 37 years of age.

J. H. M., Bridgeport.—36 Ninth avenue, this city.

INTERNATIONAL, Corsicana.—It is out of our line.

F. D. AND JOHN Y. B., Chicago.—The Hayes letter wins.

K., Baltimore.—His home is in Cincinnati, O.

MISS D. H., Columbus.—See Variety Summary.

MEMENTO.—It is for League-club games only.

FRANCIS AND JAMES.—$1.08 for each insertion.

CLYDE.—Allegheny, Star, and Indianapolis.

F. B., Binghamton.—The HAYES bettor wins.

S. W. H., St. Mary's.—It is not a "walkaway."

WELLS HALL, Chicago.—It had a run of five.

J. H. S., Richmond.—Only what is offered.

BROWN, Pittsburg.—Probably about 220 lb.

J. W., Philadelphia.—N. Neidner, 2, Germany.

D. J. FORD.—Mailed it as requested.

BON TON.—The jack counts.

ONE OF THE LEADING religious papers of this city recently based an editorial article upon the fact that certain of the theatres gave no performance on the night of Good Friday "out of respect for the day." The article in question sneered at the idea of "play-actors" paying respect to anything which is sacred, and read a moral lesson to its readers against attending the theatre. All this is well enough, save that it was lacking in one minor essential—truth. We have observed that, when the brethren are moved to build up an argument against the stage, they are too apt to seize upon any material which is lying around loose, without reference to its solidity; and the result is that falsehood and misrepresentation not unfrequently serve as the props and corner-stones of their elaborate argument. Now, in the present instance, it is true that certain of the theatres gave no performance on Good Friday, but it is not true that this was done out of respect for the day. The theatres closed because they did not believe a performance would pay. That is the long and short of the matter. The managers did not profess to have conscientious scruples about opening their houses. Yet this furnishes the very meat of the argument which is presented in the journal referred to. We are grieved to see that a writer for a religious publication should take the uncharitable ground that an actor has no respect for anything sacred. Such unjust and ungenerous assertions as these do more injury to those who make them than to those against whom they are hurled.

THE IMMORTAL BARD.

We have recently passed that day which is set down as the anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare. Throughout all the civilized world the fame of the great dramatist extends. His genius has compassed the earth. To the volume which bears his name men turn now as they have turned for nearly three hundred years, and find the varying passions of their natures portrayed by a master hand. Whose was this hand which turned to gold whatsoever it touched? Who was this Shakespeare, that his name should outlive that of kings and queens?

The meagre biographies tell us that on the twenty-third day of April, 1564, at Stratford-upon-Avon, William Shakespeare was born. They tell us, further, that his father, John Shakespeare, was a respectable dealer in wool; that William was the eldest son, who, at the unripe age of seventeen, married Anne Hathaway, a woman of five-and-twenty; that somewhere about the year 1586 the husband of Anne Hathaway went to London, and connected himself with a theatre; that he was in turn callboy, actor, playwright and manager; that he finally retired to a house in Stratford, where, upon his fifty-third birthday, he died. And this is all that the biographies tell us. No, not all. We had wellnigh forgotten that important episode in the poet's life without which no biography would be complete. Before he took to scribbling plays, Will Shakespeare was wont to amuse himself by stealing deer; and it was because of this propensity for appropriating vension that he was forced to take shelter in London. Let us cherish this deer-story dearly. Our knowledge of the bard is so limited at best that we cannot afford to dispense with a single anecdote bearing upon his life. Remembering the deer, then, and the facts already cited—that the man was born, that he married, that he wrote plays, and that he died—and we have the gist of all that is known concerning William Shakespeare.

And yet this deer-stealer, whose very name is spelled in three hundred different ways, and whose fifty odd years of life are wrapped about in a veil of mystery, must needs have labored and suffered and laughed and wept and strived and thought, like other men He whose

"Wondrous book
Has hived the honey of all human wit"

must have been something more than a mere scribe. The marvelous creations of his fancy could not have sprung from a mind barren of experience. At some time between those two eventful days in April which mark the beginning and the end of his career, William Shakespeare must have done something more than marry Anne Hathaway and steal deer. Unfortunate it is that we know so little of the personality of the man whose genius awes us, and whose power the world acknowledges. What rare reading would it make in these latter days if we could find a volume describing Shakespeare's experiences on the stage! Had newspapers been as plenty then as now, we may imagine that, upon reaching London, William Shakespeare would have inserted an advertisement in some dramatic journal, announcing "A young man desires to adopt the stage as a profession. Responsible managers, please address W. S." Or a few years later we might have read: "Mr. W. Shakespeare can be engaged for the season of 1592-3 by addressing him care of this office." Or still again, when he had completed a new play, the bard might have printed a notice to the effect that "a five-act tragedy, affording a superior character for a star, will be sold on reasonable terms." Whatever of success Shakespeare may have achieved as an actor, it is pretty certain that we should never have heard his name but for his plays. When or where or in what order these wonderful compositions were written we may only conjecture. Yet their author must have had an existence apart from that which unfolds itself on the printed page. He had a wife and children to provide for, and the petty annoyances of household affairs came to him, no doubt, as they come to others. We may picture him seated at his desk, writing

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears,"

when the train of lofty thought is interrupted by Mrs. Shakespeare's thrusting her head into the door and remarking: "William, you must go down to the butcher's and get some mutton for dinner!" Perhaps such a scene never occurred, and yet it is certain that the bard of Stratford must have eaten and drunk, as all bards have done before and since. Moreover, Mrs. S. would have been apt to suggest mutton rather than venison, since the latter would have recalled an unpleasant episode in her husband's early life. Of Shakespeare's personal appearance we have no knowledge save that which is given by Aubrey, who wrote: "He was a handsome, well-shaped man, verie good companie, and of a verie ready and pleasant and smooth wit." Verily, the wit of this immortal deer-stealer must have been ready and pleasant and smooth!

Is this, then, all that we know of Shakespeare? Let the volume which bears his name be the answer. From out those pages comes a troop of figures familiar as the faces of close friends. They live and breathe and have their being. Here is Falstaff. We give him hearty welcome, and the very sight of his round face serves as a cure for dyspepsia. Here is Shylock. Would anyone have us believe that he is only a myth? Why, he meets us every day, and eyes us greedily to make sure that his bond is good, and that when he comes to cut the pound of flesh we shall not escape him! Here is Hamlet. Melancholy, morose, and yet beloved by us because of his very sensible advice to the members of the dramatic profession. Here is Iago. His very name makes the flesh of honest men crawl, and awakens an irresistible desire to strangle him on sight. Here is Othello, who, had he loved more wisely, would not have thrown a pearl away richer than all his tribe. Here is Marc Antony, weeping over dead Cæsar's body. Here is Juliet, so fair, so faithful, that we curse the poison which failed her and the dagger which entered her breast. Here is Cordelia, so young, my lord, and so true. Here is Macbeth, meditating murder and clutching at daggers in the air. Here is Richard, starting out of horrid dreams and trembling before his guilty conscience. Here is Rosalind, a creature no more of earth than were the breezes that blew in the Forest of Arden. Here is ——

But the phantoms come so thick and fast that we cannot clutch them all. What matters it that we know little or nothing of the magician whose mind called into being these shapes? Enough that the creations of his fancy are ours. Enough that every passion which ever burned in the human breast is portrayed by his master hand. Not to the town upon the Avon, not to England, not to Europe, belongs the fame of Shakespeare. His genius is the inheritance of all people in all lands at all times. The priceless treasure of his wit and wisdom will be cherished when the present age shall become antiquity. One other Book only contains nobler utterances than the great bard's, and that Book only will outlast the plays of the Stratford deer-stealer. When, on the recent anniversary of his birth, the orators told us that William Shakespeare died on the twenty-third day of April, 1616, they made a grievous error. Shakespeare is not dead, nor can he ever die.

GOV. NICHOLLS may be said to have drawn the Capitol prize in the Louisiana State Lottery. The fact that *Nichols* got it, however, shouldn't lead anyone to suppose that "money was used."

THE THREATENED war in Europe will no doubt develop the American rogue in grain!

A WAR ON TURKEY in the Spring strikes us as *Russian* the season with a vengeance.

A NEW READING.—Whom the dogs destroy they first make mad.

CRICKET NOTES.—The Paterson Cricket Club have organized by the choice of Allen Knowles as president; Thomas Crossley, vice-president; John Shaw, secretary; and Henry Wardle, treasurer. They will open next week on their grounds at Haldon, on Gen. Hoxey's estate . . . At the annual meeting of the Manhattan Club the following-named gentlemen were elected officers for the season of 1877-8: James Neeres, president (re-elected); D. MacDougal, vice-president; L. Love, secretary; S. E. Hosford, treasurer. They have secured the same privileges for this year at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, as they enjoyed last season. The opening day has been fixed for Saturday, May 12, wickets to be pitched at 2 o'clock P. M.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On April 23: The Democrats in caucus at New Orleans, La., nominated Judge Spofford for United States Senator . . . . John G. Norman, residing here, was stabbed, perhaps fatally, by his reputed wife Maria . . . . . Cable news: Russian troops crossed the Pruth and occupied Jassy and Bucharest, in Roumania. The Russian Embassy left Constantinople. M. Nelidoff previously announcing that diplomatic relations were at an end. The Turks sent troops to meet the anticipated attacks. The Russian Consulate at Kars was attacked by disorderly soldiers, but the inmates were rescued by Turkish troops. Spain has reiterated her promise to try General Burriff of the Virginius massacre notoriety. Sixteen persons were killed by the explosion of a boiler in Alexandria . . . . Fires: The Pioneer Block, Omaha, Neb.—loss $100,000; the San Francisco, Cal., harbor-improvement works . . . . . Michael Feeney, a sailor, was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment for an attempt to commit a burglary in this city . . . . Bernard Flynn died here from injuries received by a fall from a roof . . . . . A small boat was run down by a steamer opposite Cincinnati, O., James Conley and Thomas Nash being drowned . . . . . The Louisville (Ky.) Plateglass Manufacturing Company failed; liabilities, $136,000; assets, $126,000 . . . . . Thos. Bresnehan committed suicide by throwing himself in front of a railroad train near Thompsonville, Ct. . . . . Joseph Miles was killed while coupling cars at Barton, Vt.

*** April 24: The Czar of Russia's manifesto and Prince Gortschakoff's circular, throwing the responsibility of war on Turkey, were published. Seventeen thousand Russian troops were stated to have crossed the Roumanian frontier . . . . . The troops at New Orleans, La., retired to their barracks. Salutes were fired there and at Memphis, Tenn. . . . . The bill prohibiting poolselling passed the New York Senate . . . . . Judge Spofford was elected Senator from Louisiana . . . . . A colored man named George Williams was hanged at Springfield, Ga., for the brutal murder of his two-year-old son . . . . . Louis Bottaher and a Chinaman named Wong Yu committed suicide in this city . . . . . Several lives were lost and much damage done by a storm at Galveston, Texas . . . . . The Louisiana Commission arrived at Washington, D. C. . . . . A large whale was in the Lake Champlain, near Burlington . . . . . Police-officer Murtha of Brooklyn, N. Y., fatally shot Antonio Lox, whom he was trying to arrest, and who had first shot and severely wounded him . . . . . Sanford's Hotel, at High Hill Beach, near Amityville, L. I., was burned—loss $7,500.

*** April 25: The Packard Government, with drew from the State-house in New Orleans, La., and the Nicholls Legislature took possession . . . . . Mr. Packard issued an address to the Republicans of Louisiana, counseling submission . . . . . Sarah and Ida Maydill committed suicide at the Farmer's Hotel, Cincinnati, O. . . . . Cable news: Hobart Pasha was reported dead . . . . . Bessarabia and the Crimea were declared in a state of siege. Safvet Pasha sent a circular-dispatch to the Powers, appealing to the Treaty of Paris and the mediation of the Guaranteeing Powers. Several Christian members of the Turkish Chamber of Deputies were arrested on the charge of conspiration that she declared war for the protection of the Christians in Turkey . . . . . At Harrisburg, Pa., Frank Wilson was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a peddler named Rudy . . . . . Thomas Foster's body was found in Chester Creek, Chester, Pa., with his throat cut through . . . . . Neil Kull was murdered at Boston Highlands, Mass., by some person unknown . . . . . Wm. Mack of Phillipsburg, N. J., one of a gang of burglars, was shot dead by a policeman at Bethlehem, Pa. . . . . Alexander Buskin, aged 30, committed suicide in this city . . . . . William Mackbee, an accomplice of Jack Wilson, in the murder of Thos. McCnash, was stated to have been taken from jail at Dover, Tenn., by armed men, who lynched him . . . . . Samuel Welch took his own life at London, Ont. . . . . A. D. Hall, a carpenter, hanged himself in his barn, at Kingston, Pa. . . . . The death-sentence of Dan Rock, Ark., has been commuted to imprisonment for life . . . . . Mrs. Mary Wilson ended her life by cutting her throat at Jersey City, N. J.

*** April 26: Foreign dispatches: The first engagement of the Russo-Turkish war was fought near Matoun, on the Black Sea coast. In Asiatic Turkey, the Russians being defeated with an alleged loss of 800. The Ottoman troops took possession of Kalafat, on the Danube. The imperial manifesto was enthusiastically received in the churches of the Russian Empire. The Khedive of Egypt was said to have promised the Sultan 18,000 men. Eighty thousand Russians were reported to have entered Roumania, and concentrated at Barboschi . . . . . Ebenezer Stout committed suicide at Bloomington, Ill. . . . . John Daly, indicted for complicity in the murder of Frank Reilly in this city, was found guilty of murder in the second degree . . . . . The Whaler Arctic passed the New York Senate . . . . . Capt. Gifford of the whaling-bark Young Phœnix of, New Bedford, Mass., was stated to have been presented, at St. Helena, March 12, with a silver claret-jug by the British Government in acknowledgment of his services to the wrecked crew of the Sarah Sherman . . . . . Fires: G. Ackerman's hotel and stable, with fifteen horses, and ten dwellings, at Logansport, Ind.—loss $22,000, partly insured; A. W. Keith's box-factory, at Malden, Mass.—loss $12,000, insured for $4,000; the Ontario (N. Y.) Iron Company's furnace—loss $5,000 . . . . . Judge Spofford was elected Senator from Louisiana . . . . . A colored man named George Williams was hanged at Springfield, Ga., for the brutal murder of his two-year-old son . . . . . Louis Bottaher and a Chinaman named Wong Yu committed suicide in this city . . . . . Several lives were lost and much damage done by a storm at Galveston, Texas . . . . . The Louisiana Commission arrived at Washington, D. C. . . . . A large whale was in the Lake Champlain, near Burlington . . . . . Police-officer Murtha of Brooklyn, N. Y., fatally shot Antonio Lox, whom he was trying to arrest, and who had first shot and severely wounded him . . . . . Sanford's Hotel, at High Hill Beach, near Amityville, L. I., was burned—loss $7,500.

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*** April 27: Jeannette Wilson, colored, murdered her husband with an axe, near Suffolk, Va. . . . . R. Van Liew, C. Hoff, A. Cray, J. Corbet, and William and Howard Dougherty of Somerville, N. J., were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for tarring and feathering Mrs. Ida Shepherd . . . . . The Russians were reported to have been twice defeated. A decree of the Porte required all Russian subjects to quit Turkey at once, and another manifesto declares that Bosnian, Bulgarian and Herzegovinian insurrections and the Serbian and Montenegrin declarations of war were instigated by Russia, concluding with the declaration that Turkey is ready to fight to death for independence . . . . . Fires: Hermann Schoenhausen's warehouse, with the very poor distance of 12ft. 4in. Mile walk—A. H. Sands (scratch), 1; W. E. Haws Jr. (58.), Frank Millett (10s.), dead heat for second place.

ED. C. HOLSKE AND THOS. A. MCEWEN are matched to walk three miles for a gold medal worth $25, the contest to take place at the N. Y. A. C. grounds, Mott Haven, June 3. To Holske belongs the credit (?) of introducing Sabbath matchmaking in the metropolis, and it seems that the New York Athletic Club desire to divide the honors with him.

THE SECOND ANNUAL HANDICAP, distance 125yds., open to emplyes of the Clark Thread Works, is to take place at Johnny Erb's, the "Old Stone House" Race Ground, Newark, N. J., on Saturday, May 5. There are forty entries for the contest.

LONG ISLAND YACHT CLUB.—The annual meeting of this club was held April 26, when the following officers were chosen: Commodore, R. W. Holmes; vice-commodore, Frank Reames; president, Reuben Creimer; secretary, A. F. Miller; treasurer, George Crollius. The club will give a prize of $50, to be competed for in a Corinthian race, the date to be fixed at the next meeting.

THE CENTENNIAL B. C. of Detroit, Mich., announce the following barge crew for '77: Fred Alder (bow), Henry Gies, Wm. McGill, Geo. Kern, John Dolan, P. N. Bland, A. Clemens, A. Stegemeir, John Schafer, J. C. Poselins (stroke), F. G. Bleser Jr., coxswain; Paul Gies, F. V. Folsey and J. A. Marshall, substitutes.

THE EUREKA B. C. of Newark, N. J., have ordered two new boats—a four-oared paper shell from Waters & Son of Troy, N. Y., and a six-oared gig from Tom Fearon of Yonkers.

THE ANALOSTAN CLUB of Washington, D. C., have accepted a challenge from the Undine Boat Club of Baltimore, Md., for a three-mile four-oared shell race on the Potomac River, May 24.

AMERICAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The Spring meeting of this Association is to be held at Glendrake Range, Pelhamville, N. Y., May 3. Four competitions are embraced in the programme. All comers, military, subscription No. 1, and subscription No. 2, 200 yards distance in each; and the burning of powder will begin at 1 o'clock P. M. Saturday, May 5, a special match is to be shot.

LONG ISLAND GUN CLUB.—The monthly shoot of this club took place at Dexter's Park, near Jamaica, L. I., on April 27. There were seventeen contestants for the club champion cup, 7 birds each, 25 yards rise, the holder of the cup 27 yards), 80 yards boundary, 1¼ oz. shot. C. Hance was the lucky competitor, killing six out of seven shot at.

A PIGEON-SHOOTING MATCH against time, for $300, took place at the Five-mile House, near Reading, O., April 22, Dick McGraw undertaking to kill 85 birds out of 100 shot at. He killed 86.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ADAMS, William B.—Journalist, and formerly circus press-agent. (See "Amusement Annals")—Rahway, N. J., April 23, aged 48.

BUGBEE, Hon. Francis—An old citizen of Alabama. He was once Circuit Judge and U. S. District-attorney—Montgomery, Ala., April 23, aged 84.

BROWNLOW, Rev. William Gannaway—Known as Parson Brownlow. He was born August 29, 1805, in Wythe County, Va. From eleven to eighteen years of age he worked on a farm, and in 1823 he was apprenticed to a carpenter. Having made the most of his scant opportunities for education, in 1826 he entered the Methodist ministry as an itinerant preacher. His first connection with politics was in siding with John Quincy Adams against Andrew Jackson in 1828, though prior to that he had opposed slavery and also nullification. In 1837 he became editor of the *Knoxville* (Tenn.) *Whig*, and his vigor in that capacity earned for him the sobriquet of "The Fighting Parson." He opposed the secession movement and adhered to the Union, and this led to his abandoning, in October, 1861, the publication of *The Whig*. He was subsequently arrested by the Confederates, who on March 3, 1862, escorted him to the Union lines at Nashville. He lectured at the North and published "Parson Brownlow's Book," and in September, 1863, returned to Knoxville, then under Union control. In 1865 he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and for the six years term, beginning March 4, 1869, he was elected to the United States Senate, at the close of which he resumed the editorship of his journal—Knoxville, Tenn., April 29.

BANCKER, Thos. A.—Formerly Order of Arrest Clerk—this city, April 13.

CLARK, Luther C.—One of three brothers who have made their marks in financial circles as brokers and bankers. Thirty-five years ago he founded the banking-house of Clark Brothers, St. Louis, whence in time he came to this city and joined the firm of E. W. Clark, Dodge & Co. He was born in Western Massachusetts in 1814—this city, April 23.

CLARY, William—An old resident of Woodstock, Md., the whole of which village he owned. He was born in Tipperary, Ireland, and came to this country in his boyhood. He was at first a stonecutter, then a contractor for building canals and other public works, and finally postmaster and acting-agent for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad—Woodstock, April 21, aged 69.

DIXEY, Maria—Widow of Samuel George Dixey—this city, April 29, aged 73.

DOWLING, Denis—Of the Tammany Hall General Committee of the Eighth Assembly District, and also a member of St. Patrick's Mutual Alliance and Benevolent Association—this city, April 26, aged 45.

FORDHAM, Daniel—An old North-river pilot, having run the steamboats North America and South America thirty years ago. During the past ten years he had been connected with the Hoboken Ferry Company. At one time he served on the old municipal police in the Third Ward—this city, April 26, aged 63.

GEARY, Gustavus—See City Summary of amusement page—this city, April 25.

HART, Francis—Founder of the printing-house of Francis Hart & Co., this city. Born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1815, and in 1827 entered the printing-office of his uncle, where he was successively compositor, pressman, foreman, proof-reader and partner. About 1838 he began business in his own name in this city—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 24.

HARRIS, Colonel S. D.—Active as a contributor to agricultural literature. He was for a number of years editor of *The Cleveland* (O.) *Farmer*—Hudson, April 26.

JONES, Rev. Joseph—Until recently pastor of St. John's Independent Methodist Church, Baltimore, Md. He was born in London, Eng., July 17, 1833, came to America about 1857, divided the next three years about equally between the rectorship of a Methodist Church in Montreal and that of one in Toronto, then took charge of a church at Chalot, Mich., throughout the Civil War was chaplain of the Twenty-first Michigan Regiment, next was pastor of a church in each of the Michigan towns of St. Joseph, Menden, and Jackson, and in 1873 was called to the Baltimore church already spoken of—Baltimore, Md., of congestion of the brain, April 23.

KENNEDY, Mrs. Robert Lenox—Wife of a prominent merchant of this city, and noted for her dispensations in behalf of worthy charities. Her maiden name was Louisa Vanuxem—Charleston, S. C., April 26.

KIRKWOOD, James P.—Prominent as a civil engineer. He was identified with the building of the Boston and Providence Railway, the Erie, and the Missouri Pacific, and with the water-works of Brooklyn, St. Louis and Cincinnati. He was born in Scotland, educated at one of the universities in Holland, and in 1835 came to the United States. At one time he was president of the American Society of Engineers—Brooklyn, N. Y., April 22, aged 70.

LUNGREN, John S.—For nearly a quarter of a century an employe of the United States Mint—Philadelphia, Pa., April 25, aged 65.

MCCORMICK, Colonel Charles—Surgeon U. S. Army, which he entered in 1838 as assistant surgeon. He was made colonel under a late Act of Congress. Of dropsy of the heart—Sturtevant House, this city, April 28.

NOYES, Jefferson—Father-in-law of Governor Prescott of New Hampshire—Concord, N. H., April 25, aged 75.

OCKERSHAUSEN, Adolphus F.—Well-known sugar-refiner of this city, and head of the house of Ockershausen Brothers. He was also vice-president of the Metropolitan Savings-bank—this city, April 24, aged 62.

REESE, Rev. Daniel Evans—A Methodist clergyman on the superannuated list. He was the son of Rev. E. Yeates Reese, who died in Baltimore, Md., in 1861—St Michael's, Talbot County, Md., April 23, aged 66.

RILEY, John—State Auditor of North Carolina. He was a native of Ireland, served in the British army, and was one of the few survivors of the famous "charge of the six hundred" at Balaklava. During our Civil War he was a major of cavalry in Custer's division—Baltimore, Md., about April 20.

ROSE, William—For upwards of forty years a resident of Canada, though a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He was the father of Sir

RESOLUTE vs. ATHLETIC.

What promised to be a closely contested game was spoiled by the rain on April 27, on the Resolute grounds, at Elizabeth, N. J., the contestants being the new nine of the Resolute Club, and that of the Athletics of Philadelphia. There was a paying crowd of spectators present on the occasion, and some pretty play was exhibited on both sides, considering the roughness of the field, which badly needs leveling and rolling, especially in the infield. The game began at 3:40 P. M., with the Resolutes at the bat, Fallon leading off with a chance to be retired on strikes, a failure of Reach to hold the ball, finely thrown to him by McGlynn, giving Fallon a life. Then Ricker hit a ball to left field, which was prettily held on the fly by Ryan by a low running catch, Farrow retiring on an easy fly to Eggler. Pierson then made a base-hit, on which Fallon got in, he being assisted by a wild pitch. Pierson was caught napping by first base, however, before anything more could be done. On the Athletic side, Eggler was thrown out by Ricker; Fisler took his base on called balls, and had a life given him by Pierson at second base on Meyerie's hit; on Ryan's hit Fisler scored; and after Freeman caught Fulmer out Meyerie was run out between third and home, leaving the score at one to one. In the second inning both drew blanks, and in the third the Athletics had two runs given them by an error by Pierson, two base-hits assisting. The fourth inning did not add to the score, and in the fifth rain obliged the umpire—at the request of one of the captains only—to suspend play; and, after waiting the required thirty minutes, Mr. Glover called the game. One decision of his was growled at by Soldier's-head; Shaffer popped up a fly to Strief; Craver by giving a base-runner out at first base, when he touched the base simultaneously with the ball being held, Umpire is plainly held by the base player *before* the base-runner touches the base, the latter cannot legally be given out. The Resolutes have a strong team, and with good practice together they will trouble the League nines to beat them. With such fine fielders it is a pity they cannot have a smoother field. Fallon made the best catch of the match by a ball over the fence, which only gave one base. It ought to be two out on field fence, and three over centre or right-field. The Resolutes play the Alaskas at Elizabeth on Saturday next, when a good game may be expected.

Score:

RESOLUTE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Fallon, p	2	1	1	0	2	0
Ricker, 3d b	2	0	0	0	2	0
Farrow, c	1	0	0	2	1	0
Pierson, 2d b	2	0	1	1	1	1
Austin, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Freeman, 1 f	1	0	0	2	0	0
Dolan, s. s.	0	0	0	1	2	1
Peters, 1st b	1	0	0	5	1	0
Coyne, r. f.	1	0	0	1	0	1
Totals	14	1	2	12	8	6

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Eggler, c. f.	2	0	0	2	0	0
Fisler, 2d b	2	1	0	0	1	0
Meyerie, 3d b	2	0	0	0	0	0
Ryan, 1 f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Fulmer, s. s.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Coons, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
McGlynn, c.	2	0	0	3	2	0
Weaver, p.	2	0	0	1	2	0
Reach, 1st b.	1	1	1	6	0	1
Totals	19	3	1	12	5	2

Resolute	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Athletic	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0—3

First-base on errors—Resolute, 1; Athletic, 5. Runs earned—Resolute, 0; Athletic, 0. Bases earned—by Weaver, 1; Reach 1. Batsmen who struck out—Peters, 1; Run out—Meyerie by Farrow and Ricker. Double-plays—by Pierson and Peters. Double base-hits, 0. Triple base-hit—1, by Farrow. Bases called—on Fallon, 9; on Weaver, 6. Strikes called—from Fallon, 10; from Weaver, 11. Fouls struck—from Fallon, 10; from Weaver, 5. Wild pitches—by Fallon, 0; by Weaver, 1. Assistance on strikes—by Fallon, 0; by Weaver, 1. Assistance on foul-bounds—by Fallon, 2; by Weaver, 2. Bases on called balls—from Fallon, 1; from Weaver, 0. Umpire, Mr. Charles Glover of Portchester. Time, 25m.

MUTUAL vs. FAIRBANKS.

Below we publish the scores of two games played at Janesville, Wis., April 24, 25, in each of which the Chicago team were defeated:

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Morrissey, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Burns, 3d b	0	2	0	1	2
Bodell, 2d b	0	2	3	3	1
Bushong, c.	0	0	13	2	1
Bliss, s. s.	0	2	1	3	2
Cantillon, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Smith, c. f.	0	1	0	0	1
Arundel, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Chandler, 1st b.	0	1	8	0	1
Totals	2	9	27	25	8

FAIRBANKS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Furlong, 2d b.	0	0	5	4	2
Edwards, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Forrest, l. f.	0	0	2	1	0
Burke, c.	0	0	3	3	1
Bandle, 3d b.	1	0	3	1	0
Mooney, c.	0	0	5	2	4
Cohlen, 1st b.	0	1	12	0	2
Brown, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Dennis, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	1	2	27	16	7

Mutual	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2
Fairbanks	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Runs earned—Mutual, 1. First base on errors—Mutual, 3; Fairbanks, 3. Batsmen who struck out—Bandle, 1; Furlong and Cohlen, 1; Burke, Furlong and Cohlen, 1. Umpire, J. F. Suchanek. Time, 1h. 50m.

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Morrissey, l. f.	0	0	4	0	2
Burns, 3d b	1	0	0	3	1
Bodell, 2d b	2	1	2	0	1
Bushong, c.	1	1	0	3	1
Bliss, s. s.	1	1	0	3	0
Cantillon, r. f.	2	1	2	1	0
Smith, c. f.	2	1	3	1	1
Arundel, p.	0	1	1	6	1
Chandler, 1st b.	0	1	7	0	1
Totals	10	7	27	16	8

FAIRBANKS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Furlong, 2d b	0	1	2	4	0
Edwards, c. f.	0	0	0	0	2
Forrest, l. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Burke, c.	0	1	6	1	0
Bandle, 3d b	1	0	3	3	1
Mooney, c.	0	0	5	2	4
Cohlen, 1st b	0	1	12	0	2
Brown, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Dennis, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	2	5	30	11	9

Mutual	1	0	0	0	0	0	6	3	0—10
Fairbanks	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0—2

Runs earned—Mutual, 1. First base on errors—Mutual, 8; Fairbanks, 5. First base on called balls—Fairbanks, 1. Double plays—Brown, Furlong and Cohlen, 1; Cantillon and Chandler, 1. Umpire, J. F. Suchanek. Time, 1h. 58m.

ENTERPRISE vs. ASTOR.

The crack club known as the Enterprise of this city played their opening game on April 27, on the Centennial Grounds, Jersey City, N.J., when they easily defeated the Astors of down town.

ENTERPRISE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Meehan, c.	1	1	11	1	0
Clark, 2d b	2	2	1	2	0
Ready, c.	2	2	5	1	3
McCracken, r. f.	1	3	0	0	0
Sweasy, 1 f.	1	1	0	0	0
Rypschi'r, 1 b.	2	1	6	1	0
Stack, r. f.	2	2	0	0	0
Duffy, p.	2	0	0	2	2
Donohue, 3d b.	1	1	1	2	0
Totals	13	14	15	7	5

ASTOR.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Costello, 3d b.	0	0	6	1	2
Worrell, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	1
Brady, c.	1	1	1	0	4
Hurley, 1st b.	1	0	10	1	1
Hurley, l. f.	1	1	0	0	2
Kenny, p.	0	0	0	1	2
Snyder, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Colgan, c. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Mulligan, s. s.	1	1	2	2	1
Totals	4	9	15	8	17

Enterprise	1	0	0	0	4	5	0	3	0—13
Astor	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0—4

Umpire, Mr. Hankinson, of Alaska.

BALL vs. BAT.

A game was played at Courtney, Texas, April 7, between picked nines, with this result:

BAT.	R.	BALL	R.
Rowe, c.	1	Johnson, p.	3
Hall, 2	2	Abernathy,	2
Booth, 1st b.	0	Winter, 1st b	0
Cline, 2d b.	2	Felker, 2d b.	0
Gresham, 3d b.	1	Evans, c. f.	1
Wamock, c. f.	0	Coldwell, r. f.	1
Hudson, l. f.	1	Flukes, s. s.	1
Waite, s. s.	1	Williams, 3d b.	1
Anderson, r. f.	0	Baugh, l. f.	1
Total	9	Total	9

Bat	0	0	1	1	2	2	0	0	0—7
Ball	0	0	2	2	2	3	0	0	0—9

MEMPHIS vs. RIVERSIDE.

Below we give the score of the game played at Memphis, Tenn., April 22, between the Memphis Reds and Riversides. An accident occurred in the first inning to Jake Levy, the catcher of the Riversides, disabling him to such an extent that he was compelled to quit playing:

MEMPHIS.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Maloney, r. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
Brockly'n, 3b	5	0	2	2	1	1
Walker, c. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Burkalow, p.	5	2	1	1	12	0
Loftus, s. s.	5	0	1	2	2	1
Shoupe, 2d b	5	2	1	5	2	1
Walsh, 1st b.	4	1	0	8	0	0
Kennedy, c.	4	3	3	9	2	1
Moore, l. f.	4	1	3	3	0	0
Totals	42	10	12	27	18	4

RIVERSIDE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Bannon, 3d b	4	0	1	2	0	2
Pearsall, c. f.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Dunkler, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Carr, p.	4	0	0	0	6	0
Jackson, s. s.	4	0	0	0	4	0
Sandis, 1st b.	4	0	1	17	0	0
Burke, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Cuib'rt, 2b, l f	3	0	0	1	2	1
Cassidy, 2b, c. f	3	0	1	3	2	1
Dennis, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	34	0	4	27	15	12

Memphis	0	1	0	2	2	1	3	0	1—10
Riverside	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Three-base hits by Shoupe, Kennedy, and Moore. Earned runs—Memphis, 5. First base by errors—Memphis, 4; Riverside, 3. Total left on bases—Memphis, 5; Riverside, 7. Umpire, John Leech. Time, 1h. 40m.

LIVE OAK vs. OUR BOYS.

In the second game between these clubs, played at Boston, April 27, the Lynn team won by the score below:

LIVE OAK.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hawkes, 2b.	2	1	0	5	5	1
Mason, 1st b.	2	0	1	1	0	0
Cummings, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Gafney, 3d b.	0	0	0	0	2	1
Warren, s. s.	2	1	1	1	1	3
Allen, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Reily, c.	2	0	0	2	1	0
Carpenter, p.	3	0	0	2	3	0
Ramsey, l. f.	1	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	18	2	2	12	14	5

OUR BOYS.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Sweeney, 1b.	2	0	0	16	0	2
Donovan, r. f.	9	0	2	0	0	2
Cronin, 2d b.	3	0	0	4	3	1
Fair, 3d b.	2	1	0	1	1	1
Tierney, s. s.	6	0	2	0	3	3
Allen, c.	1	0	1	3	2	7
Sullivan, l. f.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Dowd, c. f.	2	1	2	1	0	0
Callahan, p.	8	1	2	1	6	1
Totals	35	4	8	27	19	16

Live Oak	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—2
Our Boys	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	0—4

Earned runs—Our Boys, 1. Two-base hits—Tierney, 1. First base on called balls—Donovan. First base on errors—Live Oak, 6; Our Boys, 4. Double plays—Reily and Mason, 1; Hawkes, Warren, Hawkes and Mason, 1. Umpire, J. J. Eagan of Boston. Time, 1h. 35m.

BOSTON vs. FALL RIVER.

Another meeting between these nines took place at Fall River, Mass., April 27, the Reds again winning:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, s. s.	2	1	3	2	0
Leonard, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0
J. White, c.	1	1	7	1	0
O'Rourke, r. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Brown, 1st b.	1	1	13	0	0
Morrill, 2d b.	2	2	3	7	0
Sutton, 3d b.	1	0	1	3	0
Bond, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
W. White, p.	0	1	3	3	1
Totals	10	10	27	17	2

FALL RIVER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, r. f.	0	1	1	1	0
Mutrie, s. s.	0	0	1	3	1
Canary, l. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Mellonicle, c.	0	1	7	2	7
Libby, 1st b.	0	0	10	0	1
Hanlon, 3d b.	0	2	1	2	1
Hackett, 2d b.	0	1	2	3	1
Rowen, c. f.	0	1	4	2	0
Johnson, p.	1	0	0	3	1
Totals	1	7	27	17	12

Boston	1	3	4	0	0	0	2	0	0—10
Fall River	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Boston, 3. Umpire, Paul Smithson.

CINCINNATI vs. BUCKEYE.

On April 27 the Cincinnati Reds made their first appearance in Columbus, O., this year, and engaged in a game with the Bucks, who fell an easy prey to the Leagueites.

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cuthbert, l. f.	6	0	0	1	0	0
Pike, c.	5	1	1	1	0	1
Jones, 1st b.	5	0	1	8	0	0
Hallinan, 2b.	5	2	2	2	7	2
Manning, s. s.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Foley, 3d b.	5	2	2	0	1	1
Hicks, c.	4	0	0	5	2	3
Booth, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Mitchell, p.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Totals	43	11	10	27	11	7

BUCKEYE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Fleet, c.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Burke, c.	4	0	1	2	4	1
Booth	4	0	0	2	0	0
Wagner	4	0	0	1	2	0
Spence	4	0	1	2	3	3
Sullivan	4	0	1	9	0	1
Barnie	4	1	1	8	0	3
Strief	4	1	1	1	0	0
Callahan	3	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	35	2	7	27	8	11

Cincinnati	2	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	1—11
Buckeye	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—2

Runs earned—Reds 2. Struck out—Reds, 5; Buckeye, 2. Passed balls—Hicks, 2; Burke, 2. Three-base hit—Hallinan, 1. Two-base hits—Jones, 1; Pike, 1; Foley, 1. Umpire, Dickie Pierce. Time, 2h.

HARVARD vs. LIVE OAK.

The college team won their third victory on April 28 at Boston. Reilly, the Oaks' catcher, was lame in the shoulder from a collision with Mason in Friday's game, and had to play first base, Mason going to left field. Allyn, a local catcher, took Reilly's place behind the bat and did very well.

HARVARD.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Leeds, s. s.	4	1	0	2	0	0
Tyng, c.	4	0	0	13	2	3
Tower, c. f.	5	0	0	0	0	0
Thayer, 3d b.	5	0	1	0	1	0
Ernst, p.	5	0	0	2	12	0
Latham, 1 f.	4	1	1	1	1	1
Wright, 1st b	3	1	2	8	0	1
Dow, r. f.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Sawyer, 2d b	3	1	1	3	1	3
Totals	36	4	5	27	19	8

LIVE OAK.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hawkes, 2d b	4	0	2	4	1	0
Mason, 1 f.	4	1	1	2	0	1
Cummings, p	4	0	0	1	3	0
Gafney, 3d b.	4	1	2	0	0	0
Allyn, c.	4	0	1	4	2	0
Allen, r. f.	4	1	1	1	1	1
Reilly, 1st b.	4	0	0	9	0	0
Carpenter, c f	4	0	0	3	0	1
Ramsey, s. s	4	0	0	2	3	0
Totals	36	2	7	27	10	3

Harvard	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0—4
Live Oak	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2

First base on errors—Harvard, 2; Live Oak, 4. Umpire, C. S. Bird of Cambridge. Time, 1h. 35m.

CINCINNATI vs. INDIANAPOLIS.

On Monday, April 23, the Indianapolis (Ind.) Club paid a visit to Porkopolis, and were in a fair way to administer a severe whipping to the Reds, when good batting and base-running turned victory into defeat.

CINCINNATI.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Addy, r. f.	1	2	0	1	0
Pike, c. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Jones, 1st b.	1	1	10	0	0
Hallinan, 2d b.	1	1	5	4	5
Cuthbert, l. f.	0	0	2	0	1
Foley, 3d b.	1	1	1	2	0
Hicks, c.	0	0	2	3	0
Booth, s. s.	0	0	1	2	0
Mitchell, p.	1	1	2	3	1
Totals	6	12	27	15	6

INDIANAPO'S.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b.	1	0	2	3	1
McSorley, c. f.	1	1	1	2	0
Mack, s. s.	0	2	1	5	0
Houtz, 1st b.	1	0	12	0	0
Golden, l. f.	1	1	1	1	0
Flint, c.	0	0	6	1	3
Warner, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Rocap, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Nolan, p.	0	1	2	8	1
Totals	6	7	27	19	5

Cincinnati	0	2	0	0	4	0	0	0	2—6
Indianapolis	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—4

Runs earned—Cincinnati, 4; Indianapolis, 0. First base on errors of opponents—Cincinnati, 0; Indianapolis, 2. Umpire, Dickey Pearce. Time, 3h.

ALLEGHENY vs. ERIE.

A game, which was stopped in the eighth inning by rain, took place at Allegheny, Pa., April 28, the local players defeating the Erie (Pa.) Club by one run.

ALLEGHENY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Nelson, s. s.	0	2	1	0	0
Williamson, 2b.	0	0	2	1	0
Dolan, c.	1	2	4	1	1
Goodman, 1st b.	0	0	1	6	1
Nichols, 3d b.	0	0	3	1	0
West, r. f.	0	2	1	0	0
Cramer, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0
McKelvey, c. f.	0	0	2	0	1
Galvin, p.	0	1	2	3	1
Totals	1	9	21	7	4

ERIE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Talley, c.	0	0	2	3	1
Ressler, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Heifer, 1st b	0	0	13	1	1
Curry, 2d b.	0	1	3	2	0
Phillips, p.	0	0	1	1	0
Fisher, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	3
Smiley, s. s.	0	0	0	3	0
Thompson, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Dillon, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	0	2	21	15	5

Allegheny	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1
Erie	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Base-hits—Allegheny, 6; Erie, 1. Umpire, F. ank Curry.

LOUISVILLE vs. BUCKEYE.

The meeting between these clubs at Columbus, O., April 25, resulted in a very easy victory for the visiting players, as witness the following:

LOUISVILLE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Fleet, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Burke, s. s.	0	2	0	0	2
Booth, r. f.	0	1	1	1	0
Callahan, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Spence, 3d b.	0	1	1	4	0
Sullivan, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0
Barnie, c.	0	0	11	2	0
Strief, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Galvin, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	0	6	27	11	2

BUCKEYE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, l. f.	3	2	2	0	0
Hague, 2d b.	1	0	0	2	0
Latham, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	0
Devlin, p.	0	0	1	3	0
Shaffer, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Gerhardt, 2d b.	1	0	1	5	1
Craver, s. s.	0	0	1	3	0
Snyder, c.	0	1	2	4	3
Crowley, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	6	4	27	17	4

Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Buckeye	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Runs earned—Buckeye, 1. First base on errors—Louisville, 1; Buckeye, 1. Left on bases—Louisville, 4; Buckeye, 5. Double-play—Spence, 3d b. to Sullivan, 1st b. to Strief, 2d b. Struck out—Louisville, 2; Buckeye, 2. Passed balls—Barnie, 2; Snyder, 2. Wild pitches—Devlin, 1; Galvin, 1. Bases on called balls—Louisville, 3; Buckeye, 1. Time, 2h. 10m. Umpire, Mr. Charles Glover of Portchester.

INDIANAPOLIS vs. LOUISVILLE.

During the first eight innings of the contest between these nines, at Louisville, Ky., on April 21, only one run was made, and that by the local team, but fortune favored the visitors in the ninth and enabled them to snatch a victory. Flint made his base on a blocked ball, which settled a few feet from the home plate. Warner went out on a fly to Hall. Rocap was given a base on called balls. Flint went to third and Rocap to second on Nolan's hit between the first and second bases, which retired the striker. Quest then won the game by hitting both men home on a splendid two-base drive over Hall's head. Much dissatisfaction was expressed at the umpire, the Louisville people claiming that great injustice was done Devlin, while Nolan was favored in calling balls and strikes.

LOUISVILLE.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Hall, l. f.	0	2	5	0	0
Hague, 2d b.	0	0	0	2	0
Latham, 1st b.	0	0	9	0	0
Devlin, p.	0	0	1	3	0
Shaffer, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Gerhardt, 2d b.	0	1	5	4	0
Craver, s. s.	0	0	1	3	0
Snyder, c.	0	1	2	4	3
Crowley, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	1	6	27	15	3

INDIANAPOLIS.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Quest, 2d b.	0	1	2	4	0
McSorley, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Mack, s. s.	0	0	1	0	5
Houtz, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0
Golden, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Flint, c.	0	0	8	2	0
Warner, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	0
Rocap, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Nolan, p.	1	0	0	6	0
Totals	1	1	27	13	5

Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1
Indianapolis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Earned runs—Louisville, 1; Indianapolis, 1. Two-base hits—Houtz and Golden. Left on bases—Louisville, 5; Indianapolis, 4. Double-plays—Devlin, Gerhardt and Latham; Houtz, Quest and Flint. Struck out—Louisville, 2; Indianapolis, 2. Passed balls—Snyder, 2; Flint, 1. Wild pitches—Devlin, 1; Nolan, 1. Bases on called balls—Louisville, 1; Indianapolis, 1. Time, 1h. 40m.

GRAND AVENUE vs. HAYMAKERS.

These St. Louis, Mo., clubs played a good game on Sunday, April 22, the Haymakers being unable to make a run during the nine innings:

GRAND.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McKenney, 1 b.	1	0	4	0	0
Little, 3d b.	0	1	2	1	0
Whalen, 2d b.	0	0	3	1	0
Newell, s. s.	1	0	1	3	2
Schenck, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
D. Simpson, p.	1	2	0	2	1
Britt, c. f.	1	1	0	1	0
L. Simpson, l. f.	0	1	0	1	0
Solari, c.	0	1	15	1	0
Totals	4	6	27	9	3

HAYMAKER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McCaffrey, 1st b	0	1	13	0	1
Corcoran, r. f.	0	1	3	1	0
Sullivan, c.	0	0	4	2	0
W. Julian, p.	0	0	0	1	2
F. Julian, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Davis, s. s.	0	0	2	6	1
Spencer, 2d b.	0	0	4	3

A PARAPHRASE.

DEDICATED TO GENEVIEVE ROGERS AS "MAUD MULLER."
WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

All is over, and the burden
Of my sorrows I must take
In my own poor hands, all humbly,
Though my very heart should break.

For my heart is surely breaking—
Slowly, surely, day by day—
Hopeless where I hoped for comfort,
Faithless where my faith all lay.

When you saw me 'mid the clover,
Happy in my humble life,
Why not leave me to my day-dreams?
Wherefore seek me for a wife?

Knew you not I'd never grace it,
That high world of your desire?
Knew you not my rustic nature
Could not to that height aspire?

So I'm leaving you, my darling—
Better thus than daily see
Love I deemed so true and lasting
Growing cold and false to me.

Oh, how calmly you are sleeping,
As beside your couch I stand;
Will you waken now, I wonder,
If I only kiss your hand?

When the little blossom's faded
That I place upon your breast;
While my heart is wildly yearning
For that olden place of rest,

Then the one you vowed to cherish—
Proudly calling her your wife—
She, the simple, wildwood blossom,
Will have faded from your life.

But in heaven God grant, my darling,
When we face to face appear,
You may know and love me better
For the wrong I've suffered here.

ADA CLARKE MURRAY.

"MAD NELL:"

The Housekeeper's Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

Yes, it was a fine place in its day, was "Lindon Hall," and it makes my heart ache to see it fast falling to decay. I was the housekeeper for nearly twenty-five years, and I loved the old hall, and felt as though I belonged to the family in it. I had held that position for twenty-three years when old Sir Edwin died, very suddenly. He was found dead in his bed, and his widow hastened to call home their only son and heir, Sir Charles, who had resided in foreign parts for some years, having quarreled with his father. He had always been a "black sheep" and a great trouble to his family. A wild, reckless fellow, good-tempered enough, but low and coarse in all his tastes and habits. I remember him as a boy, making sport of everything serious; laughing at his father's friends, whom he called "stiff old fogies;" running away from tutor and books, for he hated both, passing his days in the company of horses and dogs, his evenings in the servants' hall, quarreling with the men or making love to the maids; and, as he grew older, looking upon everyone he came in contact with as creatures made for his amusement. Then one day there came a story to Sir Edwin's ear, and there were plenty hot words between them, which ended in Sir Charles going away, and we heard no more of his doings until he returned to the hall as its lord and master. Everyone was greatly astonished when they saw with him a young and beautiful girl, whom he introduced as his wife, for he had never written of his marriage. His bride, for we learned that they were lately wedded, was remarkably beautiful in appearance. They made a splendid pair, for Sir Charles was a very handsome man. Every look and movement of his wife told how ardently she loved and admired him; but even at that early period of their married life it was plain enough to be seen that the greater share of affection was on her side. He was a kind in his careless way, and appeared proud of her striking beauty; but he was of that animal nature that could no more appreciate such love as she was capable of giving than he could return it. He cared for a person so long as they interested and amused him, no longer; and the mere knowledge that he held full possession of her heart would make him value it less. We learned nothing of her past history, save that she was an orphan, and even to this day I cannot tell you her maiden name, nor how nor where Sir Charles first met her. She never spoke of anyone, and seemed to live only in the present, perfectly happy and contented when he was beside her, utterly miserable without him. I never saw such devotion, such perfect forgetfulness of self; and, remembering this, I only think of her with the greatest pity and regret, for it was this love which broke her young heart and turned her poor brain, and drove her to commit the dreadful crime that I am going to relate to you.

The young couple passed the next six months after their arrival at the hall very quietly, for, the family being in mourning, there was little company. They occupied themselves in reading and driving about the country; but after a while he grew weary of his inactive life, and even of the society of his charming wife, and, mounting his horse, he would ride away to some hunt-meeting hours she thought them, for she would go wandering around the grounds or in and out of the hall like a restless spirit, never speaking to anyone, but with a despairing look upon her fair face that was very touching to behold, and, when she heard his ringing laugh or merry voice, her eyes and feet were winged. Often I have heard her praying and begging him "not to leave her alone." Many's the time I have seen him as, putting her carelessly from him, he bade her "not to be so childish and silly;" and after he had turned coldly away from her beseeching eyes, her detaining hands, have I seen her throw herself down in the very path where he left her, and cry and sob as though her heart was breaking. And yet she did not know the worst part of it, or why he left her by herself. Poor young thing! She found no companionship in his mother, for the old lady was of a cold, unsympathetic nature, and, since her husband's death, remained closely in her own apartments. So she was as much alone as the lowliest and most humble in the land, for all she was the wife of a titled and wealthy gentleman.

Matters went on in this way for a long time, and then they commenced to whisper in the servants' hall how this one and that had seen the master sitting in the office of the Sleeping Lion, an inn kept by Richard Morgan, a widower with one child—a daughter—"Mad Nell," as she was called all over the country, where she was the talk for many a mile around. And she it was who had been the cause of Sir Edwin quarreling with his son. A bold-faced, handsome gipsy, loud-voiced and full of animal health and spirits, and with plenty of coarse wit—just the kind to catch the fickle fancy of Sir Charles. So, when we heard of his daily visits to the inn, why, we all knew what it was that took him there, and when his wife, whose face seemed to grow whiter with the setting of each day's sun, as she watched and waited for his coming. Some way these cruel stories came to her ear; and one evening, after he reached home, there was a bitter scene between them, for we heard her loud sobs as she upbraided him with his baseness, and his oaths as he bade her "stop her crying, and not be fool enough to listen to the idle gossips of the people around her." Nevertheless, the wild grief frightened him, for he was a great coward at heart, for all his loud talk; and after that he remained closely at the hall, only going out when his wife could accompany him. I never saw anyone try harder to interest and amuse another. She would read to him, play cards, sing—and she had a glorious voice—anything, just to win a smile or caress from him; but it was almost in vain, for he appeared restless and ill at ease, and looked all the time as though he expected some evil to overtake him.

One night—it was near to midnight, and all the household, including the servants, had retired to rest—I remember it was in the latter part of January; it had been snowing all day, and as night set in the wind had risen to a perfect hurricane, and the window-panes, and sobbed and moaned like a human creature in distress as it came sweeping adown the open fire-place—I was just about undressing, when I heard a gentle rap upon my window. Thinking it a branch from the tree standing directly in front of it, I paid no attention, when a voice from without said:

"Mrs. Barnswell, come to the door; I wish to speak with you."

Very much astonished and somewhat frightened, I answered:

"You must choose an earlier hour if you have anything to say to me."

There was a shrill laugh, and then:

"Oh, you need not be afraid; it is only I, Richard Morgan's Nell. If you will step to the window, you will see that I speak the truth for once in my life."

Drawing up the shade, I peered out. Sure enough, there stood the girl, a heavy shawl thrown around her, but with her head bare, her long hair tossed by the wind, bright-eyed and fearless, alone in the darkness.

"What in the name of madness sends you here at this hour?" I asked as I opened the door. She shook the snow from her clothing as she replied in her bold way:

"Not the pleasure of seeing you, Mother Barnswell. If your handsome lord, the gallant Sir Charles, is within, I would speak with his highness."

"But they have long since retired. Cannot you wait until morning?"

She returned quickly:

"I've waited too long already; and it will be better for the peace of this family if I see him at once, and go my way."

She laughed as she fixed her bold eyes full upon my face.

"Well, well, I will speak to him," I answered; for I was anxious to get away from the girl, who looked like an evil spirit sent to bring ruin and destruction upon us all.

"Mind," she called after me, as I hastened up the stairs, "that your master does not keep me waiting, for I can face the cold as well as his fine lady; and I may be compelled to ask help from her."

I hurried to the door of Sir Charles' sleeping-room. His wife's communicated with it; and, for fear that she would awaken, I rapped very gently. But he heard me at once, and unlocked the door. I saw that he had made no preparation for retiring.

"There is a person in the hall, sir, who says that she must see you."

Without showing any surprise, he whispered:

"Sh, sh! I will come at once."

Stopping only long enough to tell the girl that he would be with her in a moment, I went on to my own apartment, but not before she answered:

"You see, Mother Barnswell, that I have a little power over your handsome lord."

This strange visit had driven all sleep from my eyes; and, taking a book, I sat down in front of the fire, thinking that I would read until it came back to me. It might have been an hour later, when, without stopping to knock, Sir Charles entered the room, closing the door quickly behind him.

"I saw by your light that you had not yet gone to bed," he said. "I am glad of it, as I have a few words to say to you, Mrs. Barnswell, and you will have the goodness to remember them. No one is aware of the visit I have received to-night save yourself, and I have no desire to have the story circulated. There has been too much gossip already among you servants. You will please not add to it." He hesitated, and his face reddened as he continued: "Richard Morgan is in some trouble, and took the liberty of sending his daughter to me for assistance—that is all. Good-night." He turned to go, stopped a moment at the door, and then came back to me. "By the way, Barnswell, it has been a long time since I made you a present—take this."

He held a note towards me; I drew back.

"No, Sir Charles; you have no need to buy me. I will keep your secret. You may trust me—if not for your sake, for another's who shall be nameless between us to-night."

"Oh, just as you say. Good-night once more."

The door closed softly after him, and he was gone. No; he need not have cautioned me. I felt too much sympathy for his wife to be the one to add to her pain and anxiety. Some days after this we heard that Nell Morgan had run away from home, and her father could find no trace of her. In fact, the old man did not take the trouble to look very far, for the girl had often threatened him with running away and going to London; so that, now she had gone, he settled himself down very comfortably indeed, saying that "he should try to get a little peace, the first he ever had since Mad Nell came into the world." And in a short time she seemed to be forgotten by all—all save myself, for there was something that told me we had not seen the last of that bold, bad girl.

One beautiful day in early Summer, fully six months after Nell's disappearance, I was at work in the grounds, laying out some flower-beds—Sir Charles had taken his lady for a drive—when I saw a woman coming slowly through the park towards the hall. Her face was hidden by a thick, dark veil, and she carried a bundle in her arms. As she approached nearer, there was something in her walk and figure that was strangely familiar to me, and in an instant I recognized Mad Nell Morgan—recognized her to my great amazement and distress.

"You don't appear overjoyed to see me, Mother Barnswell," she said, as I stood speechless before her. "And yet I've been away a good, long time. But I've come back, haven't I? You see, my money is all gone, and I am tired of city life, and I wanted to see my poor old father, Mother Barnswell. I'm his only child, you know, and I hear that he has been perfectly miserable since I went away." All of a sudden her manner changed, her black eyes sparkled with anger. "Why *should* I hide myself for to please him? I'm as good as she, the high-born lady," and she pointed towards the hall. "Aye, I've broken my promise, and I've come back—a bad penny, eh?"

"But why do you stop here, Nell?" I asked. "Why not go on to your own home? You have no right here."

"No right," she uttered quickly. "Who says I've no right? Then I'll make one—I ain't afraid of him or her, and I'll fight with them both." She laughed a wild, shrill laugh, which seemed to turn me cold from head to foot. "Would you like to see what I carry with me, dear Mother Barnswell?" And, without waiting for my answer, she tore open the bundle she held in her arms, and, grotius Heavens! there was a baby—a little, blue-eyed, golden-haired baby. "Ha—ha—ha! don't faint, mother. You have seen a face that must have looked very much like this one once, eh? A pretty present for your dainty lady, who, it seems, has never given Sir Charles any of her own. Never mind, she is welcome to this. I will put it into her arms myself."

"Are you mad, girl?" I asked when my fear and distress would let me speak. "Would you break my poor lady's heart? *She* has never injured you. Go away at once. I will send Sir Charles to you; but, for God's sake, do not stay here to bring misery upon her, who has never wronged you."

"But she has!" she almost shrieked, "for I love your handsome lord, and years ago I should have been his wife—*your* mistress—if his wicked old father had not sent him away; and I hate her—I hate her!"

All my prayers, my efforts to touch her hardened heart with pity for my mistress, were of no avail.

"I'll just stop until she comes, if it's a year."

And no more could I get her to say. I was nearly wild, for I expected their arrival every moment; and when I saw the carriage approaching my heart seemed almost to stop beating.

"Ah! they are coming," said the girl, and her face, from which she had torn the veil, grew white and set. As the carriage drew near, *he* saw and recognized her, and I noticed that his face turned as colorless as the dead; but the poor lady was all unconscious of the cruel fate awaiting her, and, smiling brightly to me, said:

"Who have you here, Barnswell? Some poor person in distress? Take her into the hall and give her in charge of the servants."

"Oh, have pity on her! Go away, and Heaven will reward you!" I whispered beseechingly.

Sir Charles spoke never a word, but if his glance could have killed her she would have fallen dead at his feet. The girl returned his gaze boldly and defiantly as she said:

"No, kind lady; I am no beggar—only a poor girl whose heart is broken. I am going back to my home, to my old father, who is longing for my return, and will forgive my shame for the love he bears me. You see, sweet lady, I have only an humble country-girl, who knew nothing of the ways of the wicked world; and, when a high-born gentleman came and told me that he loved me, why, I believed and trusted him, and now I am left all alone—me and my poor little baby."

She commenced to cry loud and bitterly.

"There, there, my good woman, do not weep; we will help you," said my poor lady's pitying voice, while I held my hand over my mouth to keep from screaming.

"Let me see your baby."

Oh, why was she not stricken blind before she looked upon that innocent face, smiling into her own with its father's very eyes? For an instant she gazed at it without a word; for a moment she looked from it to her husband with such awful horror imprinted upon every feature of her white face as I hope I may never witness again. All of a sudden she sank down in a heap upon the ground, dead for a time at least to her dreadful suffering.

"Devil! this is your work," her husband said, as he lifted the unconscious figure in his arms and strode towards the hall.

"Aye, and yours!" the girl replied. "I can sleep to-night, for *she* will not;" and, taking her child—and I could not help seeing how tenderly she handled it—she walked quickly from sight.

Many weeks passed before my mistress left her room, into which she allowed no one to enter with the exception of myself; and, when she reappeared, everyone was startled with the great change in her appearance, for none knew the cause save Sir Charles and myself. All the day she would wander about the house, never at rest, speaking to no one. If he came into the room where she was, as quickly as her feeble strength would permit she would leave it. She acted as though she feared to trust herself alone with him. I never knew him to try so hard to be kind and gentle with anyone as he now tried to be with her; but, if he attempted to touch her with his hand, she would look at him so wildly, and shrink so palpably from him, that after a time he left her alone entirely. And here I would fain lay down my pen and forget, if I could, the sad ending of my most pitiful story, the memory of which will haunt me until my dying day.

One night I was awakened from my sleep by a scream so loud and shrill that I sprang at once to my feet.

Great Heavens! What could it be?" I asked myself, as, trembling in every limb, I stood hesitating in the darkness of my room. I was not the only one that fearful cry had awakened, for, as I opened my door and looked out into the hall, the butler stood in his, which was directly opposite mine.

"What was it?" we both asked in the same breath.

And then something caught our sight which made us both start back in terror—a white-robed figure, with long hair falling almost to its feet, stood in the doorway of Sir Charles' apartment, laughing and chattering in a sort of idiotic manner, paying no attention to us as we hastened towards it. As we came near we saw blood upon the dainty night-dress, blood upon the small hands. We did not need to look within that room—where Sir Charles lay dead upon his bed, pierced to the heart by the dagger now lying at the feet of his wife—to know that the dreadful cry which still rang in our ears had been his last death-shriek.

For a year I tended and watched over her, and in that time old Lady Lindon was carried to her grave. Yes; I took charge of the poor young lady, from whom everyone turned in horror and loathing, and she clung to me, and was always calm and gentle when I was with her. No; I could not leave her, though I knew her husband's blood was red upon her hands—but not upon her poor soul, I trust and pray, for she was mad when she committed the dreadful crime.

One morning, when I entered her room, I found that she had not risen. This was strange, for she could sleep but little. I went to the bedside and drew back the curtain. Calmly she lay there, her eyes closed as though in slumber, her hands crossed on her breast. One glance showed me that she had passed away forever. I stood in silence a few moments, and gazed at her. All the pain and distress had gone from her young face, and her poor lips wore a smile of perfect peace. How could I weep or even sigh? No; fervently I thanked Heaven that for her had come rest and forgetfulness at last.

Many of the estates passed into the possession of a distant relative, but no one has ever resided at the hall, and now it is falling into decay—fast falling into decay.

THIS IS HOW IT WAS.—A lad, narrating a fight in which he had been engaged, said: "I'll tell you how it was. You see, Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish, and I felt in my pocket to find my knife, and it was gone; and I said: 'Bill, you stole my knife;' and he said I was another; and I said: 'Go there yourself;' and he said it was no such thing; and I said he was a liar, and could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and I said for him to fork over that knife, or I'd hit him for a tombstone at Cypress Hills; and he said my grandmother was no gentleman; and I said he dersn't take it up; but he did, you bet; you never—well, you never did; then I got up again; and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and throwed him down on the top of me like several bricks; and I tell you it beat all—and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him till I got clear home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye black?"

WORTH KNOWING.—To know whether a garden has been planted or not, an exchange gives the following rule: "If one forgets whether beds are planted or not, a good way to tell is to turn a stray cat into the garden. If the beds are planted, the cat will proceed in a race around and dig into them, and act as if it had relatives in China whom it was anxious to get at; while, if they are not, it will sit down calmly in the path and seem to be meditating on the progress of missionary work in America. A cat's instinct seldom deceives it in this matter."

POLE-LEAPING.

The accompanying engraving is as accurate a representation as can be given on paper of an athlete doing a "good bit of work" in pole-jumping, which is among the most popular of the events usually embraced in the programme arranged for the outdoor meetings of athletic clubs—especially the annual gatherings of the Caledonian societies, by whom this branch of exercise may be said to have been introduced in this country, the organization of our oldest club, formed by other than the hardy sons of Scotia, and having for its object the practice and promotion of outdoor physical exercises, dating but a comparatively few years back. For the information of those not conversant with the game, we will briefly describe the apparatus used and the method of performing the act. Two upright, movable posts, eleven feet in length, and having mushroom stands, should be firmly placed upon level ground, at a sufficient distance apart to allow the competitors plenty of room. These posts should be pierced for pegs at intervals of an inch, and at a height from six feet upwards. A cross-bar is placed upon corresponding pegs, the object of the jumper being to clear the same, as displacement of the bar counts as a "try," three "tries" being allowed every contestant at each height. The cross-bar should be a strip of wood perfectly straight, and half an inch thick, care being exercised in measuring the jump to see that the thickness of the bar is included. The jumping-pole is usually made of ash or fir, from ten to twelve feet in length, fitted with a steel spike at the foot and smooth and tapering to the top. The performer, grasping the pole at the height to be cleared (six feet is the best to commence with), the right hand a couple of feet above the left, and keeping the pole slanted in front of him, takes a run of fifteen paces or more before rising. In taking off, the body must be raised by the arms, the legs being first to surmount the bar, and the body following, the jumper letting go of the pole as he crosses, and alighting upon the ground facing the side from which he took off. The rise should be from level, springy turf, and some soft substance, such as tan or sawdust, should be spread for the performer to alight upon. The bar is raised by inches, according as the respective heights are cleared, until the limit of the competitors is reached. The exercise involves very sudden contraction and correspondingly sudden expansion of the muscles, and, when well performed, is a very graceful and pretty act. A great point in jumping is to leap gracefully. To do this, the legs should be brought well up under the body, and care should be taken to clear the bar with the trunk as well as the lower limbs, the performer alighting on the balls and toes of his feet. In pole-jumping, every competitor has three attempts at each height, should he require so many to clear the bar; each height to be determined by the majority of competitors. When two or more competitors clear a certain height, and fail at an inch higher, it is usual to give them three more trials, and should they fail again, to declare it a tie.

GOOD-BYE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

How oft, how oft, we hear good-bye
Softly and low by sweet lips spoken!
At times how little do we think
Those words have poured from lips half-broken.

I've heard it oft from lips that now
Are still and silent in the tomb;
'Twas uttered then with cheerful heart,
And bright eyes that dispelled all gloom.

I've heard it midst the moaning blast,
The lightning's flash, the thunder's roar;
We knew it was good-bye at last,
But little knew who'd speak it more.

How oft 'tis whispered when 'tis late,
In sweet, low tones, when love is plighted
By those in lingering at the gate.
Think not how soon it may be blighted.

A bitter pain oft wrings the heart
When good-bye's spoken at the door;
With hard hand-clasp dear friends depart,
Perhaps on earth to meet no more.

The eye oft speaks the mute good-bye,
Brimful of tears as heart-strings sever;
The tongue finds speech with sad, loud wail:
Good-bye, my love! good-bye, forever!

J. SHANNON CLIFT.

LILY MELVILLE,

OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XL.

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On murderous courses, the fell cause may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead.
SHAKESPEARE.

Nothing occurred to either confirm or lessen Lilian's suspicions of Kate Lucas. The undemonstrative governess went on her usual routine with the utmost composure, and by neither word, look, nor deed gave Lilian any further clue to the mystery of the two figures in the moonlight. Neither did the heiress of Rivershall see anything more for the present of the tall and distinguished doctor. Indeed, she had avoided him for some reason unexplained even to herself: for she had not visited the cottages since her meeting with him there, but had made inquiries after the poor and invalid, and sent them over baskets of good things by old Jack Druitt, who generally acted as her almoner when she was ill or otherwise unable to play Lady Bountiful. Jack went on his task with his usual stolid, imperturbable good-humor, making his report with straightforward, unembellished honesty, and without any attempt at varnishing or veneer.

"Well, Jack," Lilian said one day as he entered with the large, wicker basket on his arm, his stolid face relaxing into a smile at the sight of her, and his two hard hands rubbing over each other with meditative regularity—"well, Jack, how are they all?"

Jack cleared his throat and started:

"Old Mother Jackson is about the same—she always is, you know, miss, 'cept she 'ain't the blankets and the bottle of Madeary did her good, 'specially the Madeary. Her rheumatism have flown from her back to the top of her head ——"

"Nonsense, Jack," said Lilian, half smiling. "You must have made a mistake. You are thinking of Johnny Wilson."

"Yes, miss, that's Johnny," replied the imperturbable old fellow—"very like. It don't much matter, as I see. Well, Johnny Wilson says he's rather worse. He likes the Madeary, but prefers Old Tom—oh, he didn't say so, miss, but I see a bottle under the pillow. He's learnt the second chapter of St. John, but he didn't say he'd understood it, and I didn't ask him. Mrs. Collins' three children have had the measles, and they be as spotted as a river-pike; but they're doin' well, and would you be so kind as to send 'em down some of the red-currant jelly as you brought last month? It be cool cheek, I be, but you said I was to ask, and the children asked for. Then there's Mary, she's better; that must be 'strordinary. I did think as she were a-dying; but she be a good deal better, Miss Lily, and no mistake. Mind you, missie, I've seen many of 'em get rosy and look bright enough, just like the last flicker of a candle afore it goes out; but this be such that are the last. His destination was Calais Sands, where he had an appointment or a duelistic character with Lord H——. The two gentlemen and their respective seconds met at half-past six at the end of the Calais rocks, shots were exchanged, and Mr. Clarence Clifford was left dead on the sands. The cause of the much-to-be-lamented quarrel was, as usual, a lady. The fatal occurrence has received a deeper tinge of romance from the fact that the lady in question arrived at the place of meeting too late to stop the exchange of shots, and but a few moments before Mr. Clifford received his death. We are asked by the authorities to add that any friends or relatives of the deceased are requested to communicate with Mr. Fibbs of the firm of Messrs. Fibbs & Cracknell, Snarley Yard, Lisconly Inn.

Lilian did not scream, she did not even faint. The paper remained clenched in her hands, and her eyes, blind with anguish, sought the fire again. How loudly the clock seemed to tick. What an eternity rolled into those few minutes while she lay stifling the agony at her heart, and repeating to herself those lines which told her that he was faithless and unworthy of her regret. Dead—slaughtered for another woman! The thought was hard to bear, but Lilian was strong of heart—strong and proud, and she bore it. After a while she rose, smoothed her hair in the glass, smiled at the pale face that met her there, and murmured:

"Good-bye to the past, to the only romance in my life; now for the reality!"

With the paper in her hand, she walked into the study. Sir Ralph was sitting at the table, his head in his hands, Mr. Packer's letter open before him. She stole up to him, and placed her hand upon his arm. He looked up with a start, and covered the tell-tale letter with his hand. She smiled down on him with stone-like mockery of her grief.

"Too late, papa!" she said. "I know what that letter means. It tells you of his—death. Don't look so frightened. I am not ill, and, as you see, dear, quite calm. He is dead, papa, and I will bury the past with him. It have been selfish, cruelly selfish; now—now—I see my error. Papa"—covering her face with her hands, but speaking very calmly—"send for Harry Besant."

CHAPTER XLI.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish rend the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—SCOTT.

Lord Harcourt raised his pistol, looked at it, and, with a smile, handed it to the Colonel; then, striding to where Dalton was kneeling, he stood with folded arms, looking down with him upon the motionless figure stretched full-length upon the damp sands. The Colonel joined the two, and helped Dalton raise the limp form upon his knee. All had forgotten, seemingly, the deadly woman, and the hatching of a half-fainting fit against a heap of shingles.

"Is—is he dead?" whispered the Colonel politely.

Dalton shook his head.

"I—I don't know," he replied huskily. "He does not move, and the heart—great Heaven!" he continued, turning his white, terror-stricken face up to the motionless figure of Lord Harcourt, "he is dead!"

His lordship motioned for his coat, and proceeded to envelope himself in it leisurely.

"Dead, is he?" he said calmly. "The light was bad, but still I thought I had hit him. Come, Colonel, you will join me in a cigar and catch the boat. Mr. Dalton, I presume ——"

Dalton interrupted him with a burst of genuine indignation.

"My lord," he said, flashing upon him two scared but angry eyes, wrapping the cloak round the limp figure as he spoke, "if you are not the least concern yourself on my account. The poor fellow is dead; you have killed him. Pray do not delay to reach a place of safety."

His lordship raised his hat with a cold-blooded smile, and turned to the Colonel, who was going across the sands to the motionless figure.

"Colonel Hawksley, if Mr. Dalton requires any assistance, I feel convinced you will give it him."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Colonel smoothly, stopping half-way between the two figures, and evidently at a loss which to benefit by his services—the living or the dead.

"I will see to her," said Lord Harcourt, his face lighting up for a moment with a fierce gleam. "Pray assist Mr. Dalton with the body."

He uttered the last with a relish that made even the cold-blooded Colonel scratch his chin thoughtfully; then, throwing his cloak round him, he strode over to where the lady lay. Dalton, however, would not accept any aid from the Colonel, but with a great effort managed to raise the body of his friend, and struggled from the sand to the half-dry beach. There he knelt down again and with a forlorn hope palsied a little brandy against the clenched teeth. His head shook so that the cup split over the face, and, horified at the deadly hue of the stone-like countenance that took no notice of the split liquor or the drizzling rain, he sprang to his feet and looked helplessly round. At that moment the beat of a drum came sharply through the misty air, and the Colonel, who was picking up the sword-cases, raised his head with a jerk.

"Do you hear that, my lord?" he called over to Lord Harcourt, who was kneeling by the lady, but seemingly without using any endeavor to hasten her recovery.

"Aye," said Lord Harcourt.

"The patrol," said the Colonel concisely, and listening. "Coming this way."

He picked up the cases and peered through the dimness: then, as the flashing of a lantern made the dawn more like night again, he hurried over to Lord Harcourt and touched him on the shoulder.

"The patrol coming this way, my lord," he said. "We must get off the ground and into the town."

Lord Harcourt shook himself and nodded.

"I am ready," he said, "but ——"

"There must be no 'buts.' Five minutes more and they will be upon us. I will see what Dalton intends. Ah, by the way, he had better make himself scarce too. Should they take him, inquiries will be made, and, eh, my lord?" and he hurried over to Dalton.

"Come, Mr. Dalton," he said hurriedly, "the patrol are close upon us. We must make for the town ——"

"What!" exclaimed the young man, "and leave these two?"

"Your friend Mr. Clifford has no need of us further," retorted the Colonel with grim satire; "and as for the lady, well," and he shrugged his shoulders.

Mr. Dalton sprang to his feet.

"Are you an English gentleman, Colonel Hawksley?" he demanded.

"Yes, but not an English idiot," retorted the Colonel. "Come, man; you will know better when you have assisted at one or two more of these little affairs. At present let me give you a hint. Time enough to weep when you are safe; when you've done it—you understand? Let the patrol find you here with your late friend and this lady, and they will jump to conclusions pretty readily. A quarrel over a woman, and, eh? Ah, you understand, I see."

And, taking advantage of the horror which was portrayed upon the young fellow's face, he seized his arm and led him half in a stupor up the beach along which Lord Harcourt was already striding. The patrol came marching by, and stood within half a dozen yards of the still figure, but, with the usual police shortsightedness, saw nothing. The morning grew brighter, and the sun fought a battle with the mist, and with a rosy-like ray pierced a hole through it, pouring a flood of warmth upon the female figure upon the shingles. The light, the warmth, revived her. She rose, put her hand to her head, and looked round with an effort towards consciousness. Then the scene on which her eyes closed rolling in a mass upon her, and with a shuddering cry she hid her face again. Only for a moment she remained thus. The next she searched along the sands, came to a dark, damp, red spot, shuddered again, and commenced tracing the crimson streak to the beach. A few paces brought her to the motionless form of her champion, and, with a low cry of horror, she bounded aside. But a fascination seemed to invest the silent body, and gradually she drew nearer, at last knelt down, and, feeling the cold hand, fell to weeping bitterly.

"Surely there is a curse upon my life!" she moaned. "Heaven has forgotten and deserted me. So young, so handsome, so brave, the poor boy has fallen a victim—a victim! Ah, Heaven! is there no punishment for that vile man?"

Her tears fell fast upon the cold face, and she wiped them from her eyes that she might scan the features more closely. As she did so a strange feeling came and overwhelmed her. She seemed to know the cold, still face—seemed to have known and loved it in some former dreamy existence. She fell to trembling, and, bending her head, kissed the white, smooth forehead. As she did so, to her mingled horror and joy the flesh beneath it appeared to thrill, and, filled with warmth,

"Not dead! He is not dead!" she shrieked, forgetful that there were no ears to hear her. "Oh, help, help! He is alive, my brave, brave hero!"

No one came, and, filled with a courage and strength lent her by excitement and the new, strange, nameless emotion, she dragged the body to a more convenient place, raised the head, and commenced chafing the hands. At last two boatmen came tramping along the sands, halted to look at her, and were prevailed upon to help her. Between them they took up the limp figure, and, followed by the lady, closely veiled again now, carried it into the town. A lodging was procured, a doctor called in, and the left-for-dead Clarence Clifford brought to life again. The doctor, a true Frenchman, was discreet and asked no questions. He took the preliminary fee (a large one) and worked with a will to snatch the patient from the jaws of death.

"It would be a hopeless case, he told madame, waiting for her, with that strange, masterful smile and curl of the upper lip, Dr. Bromwell. A very pleasant man was the doctor—a well-informed, a well-bred, and a most charming gentleman. So said Sir Ralph when he had taken his leave and left his host free to criticise.

"One of the old school, my dear Lilian," added the Baronet, "of which there are very few members left."

Lilian assented to this high praise, but could not get rid of her strange antipathy. Neither could she get rid of the doctor. Mr. Besant, when he came next morning, was full of him and his wonderful cures, and at last it leaked out that Sir Ralph and Dr. Morecroft had enlisted Dr. Bromwell's valuable services for Lilian, and that she must henceforth consider herself as Dr. Bromwell's patient, and be obedient to his prescriptions and advice. Her heart sank within her, but she bore a brave face and acquiesced with a smile. How could she confess her groundless fears and wild fancies to Sir Ralph, much less to Mr. Besant?

Dr. Bromwell called the next morning with Dr. Morecroft, and prescribed a powder, which, as the nearest chemist's was five miles away, he was obliging enough to make up himself. He stayed to luncheon, charmed Sir Ralph with his fund of information, and lulled Lilian's fears to rest with a respectful yet dignified courtesy which seemed natural to him.

The second day Lilian was weaker, the third too weak to leave the house. Sir Ralph looked alarmed. The two doctors consulted. Mr. Besant, not one whit less noisy, fidgeted about the hall and worried everybody. The next day an ugly rumor got afloat, how no one knew, to the effect that an epidemic had broken out in the nearest village.

Sir Ralph, filled with fears for his pale-faced, ailing darling, was for rushing away with her to the sea-coast. But Dr. Bromwell feared, he declared, that Miss Melville's state of health made removal from the house impossible. Two days passed. Lilian was confined to her room. Mrs. Williams was shut out by Dr. Bromwell's orders, and Miss Lucas installed as nurse.

"Miss Lucas," said the new doctor, "is younger, stronger, consequently more fitting for the task."

In the evening of that second day Sir Ralph stole upstairs, and entered Lilian's room. He found her sitting by the fire, enveloped in shawls, lost in a reverie. He stood looking at her for a few minutes, and his heart sank within him. She was paler, thinner, and there was a deep piece of black velvet, to which was attached a cross of ebony, around her neck. That strip of mourning told him volumes.

"My darling," he said, going up to her softly.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, looking round with a low cry of joy and a flush that, alas! soon died away, "I am so glad you have come—so glad. They said I was not to see you. O papa! let me ——"

Before she could finish, Miss Lucas stole in quietly, as usual, and at her heels Dr. Bromwell. Under some pretense he got the Baronet from the room, followed him to the hall, and there, with proper gravity, told him he must not see his daughter again.

"Sir!" said the troubled father. "Why not?"

"She is very ill, I regret to say," said the doctor, fixing his dark eyes upon his agitated face. "Pray be calm, Sir Ralph. I have bad news. The epidemic has spread to the village; two children have just fallen victims, and several others are lying ill. I cannot conceal from you longer that I fear Miss Melville ——"

Sir Ralph uttered an awful cry, and shut out the light with his two hands. The doctor led him to the study and seated him in a chair. He was trembling visibly, and, no doubt, to calm and strengthen him, the doctor mixed a draught and bade him drink it. Sir Ralph, half-unconsciously, did so, and listended with more composure to meet that which he had dreaded. Then, said Doctor Bromwell, had caught the epidemic. It was terribly infectious, and Sir Ralph must not approach even the apartment. Mr. Besant and all visitors must be forbidden the house, and Miss Lucas and the two doctors were the only persons allowed in the sick-room. Sir Ralph listened like one stupefied. Doctor Bromwell administered another draught, and retired. At night he returned with Doctor Morecroft, and learned that Sir Ralph had gone to bed feeling very unwell.

"Ah!" said the new doctor, looking at the old one significantly, "Pray, was Sir Ralph ill?"

"Yes," said the valet, "and complained of great giddiness and stupefaction."

"My dear sir, I think you had better see him at once, while I visit Miss Melville."

At night it was announced that Sir Ralph and his beautiful daughter were lying ill with the epidemic, and that no visitors were to be allowed to pass the lodge.

Dr. Bromwell was installed in a room in the corridor between the two sick-chambers, and had taken the cases specially under his charge, when Mr. Besant clattered up to the drive-gates. He was in a hurry, he said, to find his uncle, whom he was obliged only in part, and that old Jack Druitt, instead of opening the gates, stood with his hands in his pockets, staring moodily at him.

"Come, Jack," said the impatient lover. "Don't be all day; the cob won't stand long."

Old Jack shook his head.

"Can't open the gates, Master Besant," he replied, without taking his hands from his pockets. "Can't open the gates!" echoed Mr. Besant, with impatience. "Why not? What's the matter with them?"

"Nothin' the matter with the gates, but somet very much the matter with Sir Ralph and missie," said the old man sorrowfully.

Mr. Besant's face grew dark.

"Open the gates," said he peremptorily. "I'll ride up to the house and see to this."

But Old Jack shook his head stolidly.

"Doctor's orders, Mr. Besant," said he. "Master and Miss Lily have got the fever, and it's catching, you know."

Mr. Besant turned very pale. He had just heard of the death of two of his grooms as he left the Towers yard; he had passed a cottager's funeral on his way, and met the undertaker's men coming from preparations for another. Old Jack saw the palpable fear, and smiled grimly.

"You wouldn't go and ketch the happydamick, would you, Mr. Besant?" said he.

"N—o; that is—er—Lady Besant," faltered the coward, wondering whether he was in any danger even there—the wind was blowing from the house.

"No, just so; Lady Besant might catch it," muttered Jack sarcastically. "Better go away, Mr. Besant—better go away, sir."

"I—I really think you're right, Jack," faltered Mr. Besant. "It would be foolhardy to rush into danger. Got the fever, both of them! Heaven bless me! This is fearful!"

And he turned his horse's head and rode slowly away, leaving Jack gazing after him with an unutterable expression of contempt and disgust.

The entrance-gates could be seen from Sir Ralph's bedroom window, and from that vantage-place Doctor Bromwell had witnessed the summons, the refusal, and the retreat. A wicked, sarcastic smile lit up his strange face, and he turned and beckoned with his hand to Miss Lucas, who was sitting by the bed.

"Look," he whispered, "where the ardent lover rides—fit to break his neck, as if the very plague were at his heels."

"One idiot out of the way," murmured the other in response. "He always was a coward."

"Ah!" responded the doctor, glancing at the bed and lowering his musical voice to a whisper. "Is she asleep, Kate?"

Miss Lucas nodded.

"Yes; and has been so all the morning."

He nodded and

A CAPE OF GOOD HOPE BURIAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The wild wind pipes and pipes again
Around our stormy path,
The wild sea shakes its grizzled mane,
A lion stirred to wrath.

But not alone for storm o'erhead
Our hearts are sunk in gloom;
For one among our comrades dead
Awaits his ocean-tomb.

Then sad amidst the moaning blast
Let go mainsheet and tack,
And throw against the lurching mast
The topsail-yard aback.

And though the deck be slippery wet,
And block and rigging creak,
At half-mast high the ensign set
Below the mizzen-peak.

'Tis dreary here, the cape is near,
Yet not a ship but ours;
The cold southwest brings little cheer
From Neptune and his powers.

We read what must be read o'er all,
And soft in soul we pray,
Then aft the shivering jib-sheet haul
And brace the yards away.

J. SHANNON CLIFT

LA BELLE HELOISE:

A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE OF PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

[The author lays no claim to originality in the following story. It is, perhaps, only a legend which has been handed down for two generations—a legend certainly rich in romantic interest. The story may have been told by others, and better told than here; but it is believed that it will prove interesting to CLIPPER readers.]

Walking along the Rue d'Aulin, in Paris, one Summer's afternoon, with my friend Robert Theall, we passed a woman wearing the sombre garb of a Sister of Charity. She was, perhaps, sixty years old, with a face of remarkable sweetness and purity.

"You would not suppose," said Theall, turning to me, "that the woman you just saw was once a member of my profession."

"An actress?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes; and one of the most fascinating women ever seen upon the stage of Paris. Her life has been a romance—perhaps I ought to say a tragedy. Have you never heard the story of La Belle Heloise?"

"Never," I replied.

"It is familiar to many of the people of Paris, and might serve you as the groundwork for a drama."

"I fear I shall never write a drama, Bob," I returned, "but let's have the story."

"Forty years ago," began Theall, "there appeared on the Parisian stage a young woman whose real name, I believe, was Heloise d'Ambreau, but who was professionally known as La Belle Heloise. She was strikingly beautiful. Her face and form were enough to make a monk forget his vows. She had lovers by the score, but for a time she kept her heart whole, and devoted herself assiduously to her art. Then a dashing, daring fellow by the name of Rocheforte made her acquaintance, dazzled her, and at the end of three months married her. This Rocheforte was a villain, and yet there were some points in his character which challenged admiration. He was at least no hypocrite. He told the girl precisely who and what he was, and, instead of discarding him, she loved him more madly than ever. That's the way with women!"

[My friend Theall is a bachelor, and I regret to add that he is also somewhat of a cynic.]

"Within a year after this unfortunate marriage, Rocheforte was arrested on the charge of murder. A rich miser living in the Rue Lafarge was found dead in his house. There were the evidences of a struggle, and circumstances pointed to Rocheforte as the perpetrator of the deed. As I have said, he was arrested, and with him La Belle Heloise, in whose possession was found a large sum of money, which had belonged to the murdered man. The trial excited profound interest, not because a murder is a sensation in Paris, but because of the fame and beauty of Heloise. There was not the shadow of a doubt as to Rocheforte's guilt; but everybody believed that his beautiful wife was innocent. Nevertheless, the trial resulted in the sentencing of Rocheforte to the guillotine, and La Belle Heloise to the galleys for life. She implored the Judges to let her die with her husband, but her appeal was not granted. That night Rocheforte took his own life in the cell of his prison, opening an artery with a penknife. He left a written paper, wherein he declared himself innocent of the crime for which he had been sentenced—a declaration which nobody believed.

"During the trial of La Belle Heloise, which lasted four days, there was noticed among the spectators a pale-faced young man, who watched the proceedings with the most intense interest. When the verdict of 'Guilty' was announced, this young man rose in his seat as if to speak, but immediately fell to the floor insensible. He was removed to his home, and for a month lay in a raging fever, utterly unconscious of all that happened. He talked continuously of Heloise, and sometimes in his ravings would call upon the name of Rocheforte. When he finally recovered his reason, his first inquiry was:

"'What has become of Mme. La Belle Heloise?'

"He was told that she had been sent to the Island of Cayenne.

"That was the only question which he asked concerning her. He recovered slowly, but his mind seemed weighed down with some awful secret, which he refused to confide to others. This young man was the Viscount de Rosier. He possessed rank, fortune and friends; but from the hour La Belle Heloise was pronounced guilty he sank into a state of despondency from which nothing could rouse him. His friends recommended travel, and he made a protracted tour throughout Europe, and afterwards visited America. Meantime his title and fortune fell to a distant relative, leaving him his title and fortune. Count Rosier returned to Paris after ten years' wandering, and took up his abode in the most fashionable quarter of the city. There he lived magnificently, frequented the theatres and club-houses, drove a spanking team on the Champs Elysees, and became famous for his hospitality and elegance of manner. Yet, in the midst of this seemingly gay life, the Count was shadowed still by a spectre of the past. A deep gloom hung over him, and for days together he would shut himself up in his room and pace the floor like a madman. Then he would emerge, and plunge more deeply than ever into the pleasures and dissipations of the great city. But it was evident that he found no happiness in his luxurious manner of life.

"Among other things, Count Rosier became excessively fond of gambling. One night, years after his return to Paris, he entered the rooms of the Beau Monde Club and seated himself at one of the tables, where he engaged in play with Monsieur Francois Carlier. He lost heavily—more than three hundred Napoleons. The next day Monsieur Carlier entered the club-rooms in a state of the wildest excitement. Count Rosier was seated in his accustomed place, with his face buried in his hands—an attitude which had become habitual to him of late. Stepping up to the Count, Monsieur Carlier said:

"'Gentlemen, I call upon you all to witness what I am here about to declare. Last night the Count Rosier and myself engaged in play. Many of you were present at the time. Fortune favored me, and I won a hundred Napoleons. *I come now to announce that every one of the coins which I received from the hands of Count Rosier was a counterfeit!*'

"At these words Rosier rose from his seat, bowed politely, and, with the utmost calmness, said:

"'Monsieur Carlier speaks the truth. The coins were all counterfeit!'

"You can imagine that these words produced a sensation in the Beau Monde Club. Carlier thought that the Count was seeking to turn the matter into jest, and retorted angrily:

"'Sir, do you know that this is a crime for which I shall bring you to justice?'

"'You are bound to do so,' was the cool rejoinder.

"'You will be transported,' cried Carlier.

"'Yes—to Cayenne!' answered the Count with perfect composure. 'That is all that I ask—it is all that I have been seeking after for many years.'

"This language so amazed Monsieur Carlier that, instead of sending for the police, he dispatched a messenger for Dr. Blanc, the famous physician for the insane. After a thorough examination, the doctor gave it as his opinion that the Count Rosier was suffering from monomania, caused by his early passion for La Belle Heloise. He added that the Count would do anything, no matter how rash, to meet this woman; and that his only chance of recovery lay in making a voyage to Cayenne. The physician's theory was that the twenty years which had elapsed since the trial would have produced such a change in Heloise that, having looked upon her with his own eyes, the Count would be cured of his insane attachment.

"Acting upon this advice, Count Rosier set sail for Cayenne. During the voyage he was in better spirits than he had ever been since his La Belle was doomed to exile. He seemed to cherish the delusion that he would find her as young and beautiful as she had appeared twenty years before, when she first dazzled the eyes of Paris. When he finally reached the prison on the arid island, the friend who accompanied him arranged for a meeting between the Count and Heloise. The former waited in a state of terrible excitement for the appearance of his idol. When she entered the room he sprang forward impetuously, but stopped with an exclamation of surprise. Before him stood a middle-aged woman, still fair, but stout, plain-looking and matronly.

"'I beg your pardon,' said the Count. 'I desired to see Heloise—La Belle Heloise!'

"Bowing calmly, the woman replied without a trace of emotion:

"'I am Heloise, monsieur!'

"The Count looked at her, stupefied; then, after many minutes of silence, he said:

"'If you are indeed Heloise, I have come to save you—to take you away from this place.'

"A momentary vision of hope flitted across the woman's face, and then died away.

"'That is impossible, monsieur,' she said. 'I am sentenced for life.'

"The Count requested her to send for the matron of the prison, and this she did. At the latter's request the director and his subordinates assembled in the room, Heloise also remaining. Then Count Rosier, rising slowly to his feet, spoke as follows:

"'Twenty years ago a murder was committed in Paris. Monsieur Rocheforte and his wife were arrested for the crime. A court of justice found them guilty, and sentenced one to the guillotine and the other to imprisonment for life. They were both innocent. *The man who committed that crime now stands before you!*'

"At these words Heloise uttered a cry and fell fainting to the floor. She was borne from the room, while the Count calmly continued:

"'For twenty years I have carried this secret locked up in my breast. It has burned there like a coal of fire. I open my lips now to speak the truth. I loved La Belle Heloise—God knows how I loved her! I thought to rid myself of her husband, and to make her mine. I could not take the life of Monsieur Rocheforte, fearing that his blood would be detected upon my hands, even after I had wedded Heloise. I therefore resolved to commit a crime, and throw the suspicion upon Rocheforte. I determined upon a robbery. I did not contemplate murder, but the man awoke while I was in his room, and I killed him to save myself. Then I gave the money to Rocheforte, who, in turn, gave it to his wife, with whom it was found. During the trial I was present constantly. I had supposed that only the husband would suffer. When the wife also was found guilty I rose to my feet and endeavored to speak. I intended then to confess all; but, before I could utter a word, I fell unconscious to the floor. Since then I have suffered more than mortal man ever suffered before. But my misery is wellnigh ended. What I have here told to you is already known to the Emperor. A pardon for Madame Rocheforte will arrive by the next vessel. Bear me witness, I beseech of you, that it was for love of La Belle Heloise that I committed murder; for love of La Belle Heloise I die!'

"As he spoke, the Count drew a dagger from his coat and thrust it into his heart. He died almost instantly. As he had foretold, the next ship brought a pardon for Heloise. She returned to Paris, and entered the convent of the Sisters of the Holy Virgin. That is she who passed us just now on the street."

When Theall finished the story, I said musingly:

"And was the Count really guilty of the murder?"

"No," answered my friend. "He was as innocent as you or I. That is where the French displayed itself in his character. He was bound to save the woman, and he did. But you will observe that he waited twenty years. He had squeezed all the enjoyment he could out of life, and when he got ready to die he made his death a tragedy!"

I put that down as another indication of Theall's cynicism, preferring, for myself, to take a more romantic view of the story of LA BELLE HELOISE.

EUROPEAN DRAMATIC NOVELTIES.

"FAME,"

a new comedy by C. M. Rae, was first acted at the Haymarket Theatre, London, Eng., on Saturday evening, April 7. The plot is as follows: "A poetess, a novelist and an essayist, Miss Dryden Rolles, has fluttered in the front of London society, admired, caressed, petted, and, unconsciously to herself, spoiled. People of rank have sought to obtain from her reflected dignity, gay ladies have fluttered in her train, and one or two disappointed members of the aristocracy have sought to lay the woman under obligations they may afterwards turn to profitable account. So enamored with her is poor Dick Lyttleton that he gives up a remunerative employment nominally to assist her, but in fact to become her correspondent, her secretary, her factotum, and, in part, her butt. She has married Dick without a spark of affection for him, she treats him worse than Lady Gay Spanker treats Dolly, she spends the money she cannot afford, and she flirts in a sufficiently pronounced manner with the more distinguished guests who flock to her soirees. A marvel of tasteful decorations is her house, rich in all those objects of luxury a 'lady novelist' has so happy a knack of describing. It is, however, unpaid for. Gunter sends costly banquets upon trust, and commences to be dubious concerning the wisdom of the course. Debt, indeed, begins to raise his ugly, spectral head, and ruin is undermining the never very solid edifice of her fortunes. To add to her sorrow and difficulty, there has been a temporary depression of opinion concerning the value of her work. Whether she has overwritten herself and has lost some of her popularity, or whether a not uncommon reaction against success has set in, it is at least certain that the publishers, who at one time outbid each other clamorously for her books, will now have them at no price. In this difficulty the poetic temperament is not seen to advantage. She grows cross, whimsical, and querulous, rejects all aid and counsel from those most anxious for her welfare, and throws herself into the arms of those who are loudest in their proffers of sympathy. Among them is Lord Tarleton, a languid young nobleman, who thinks he patronizes literature when he makes love to its exponents—an error common enough in aristocratic circles with regard to the stage. Though his designs are apparently the worst possible, Lord Tarleton has an eye to business. He offers to advance to the heroine, now Mrs. Lyttleton, £3,000, which will, he thinks, put matters straight with the world, but takes as security for her debt a bill of sale upon her furniture. Ignorant, it may be supposed, of the ways of the world, our authoress sees in this combination of libertinism and stinginess a proof of highest generosity and most disinterested affection. Without consulting her husband, accordingly, she has the deed prepared and puts it into his hands to sign—an absurd formality, as it seems to her, which the law requires, and which, when the world is established upon a satisfactory basis, will no longer be requisite. Upon reading over the document placed in his hand, Dick, ignorant as he is, arrives at the conclusion it is an unsatisfactory thing for a lady to have anything to do with. He declines, accordingly, to put his name to it, preferring to accept the ruin which is imminent, rather than allow his wife to be gravely compromised. The astonishment of the poetess is such as would be felt if the sportsman saw the hare he was accustomed to pursue turn round and fly at him. Lyttleton does not, however, stop there. A species of Petruchio, he reads his spouse a lesson upon obedience, which gives her the idea there may be something after all in masculine supremacy, and wrings from her, in an extorted cry of admiration, This scene is the strongest in the play. Two acts are now over. In the third act the characters are all assembled at the house of Tom Courtenay, a prosperous young barrister, whose wife has a fancy for the poetess, and a womanly and laudable disposition to set right, so far as she is able, all the wrong in the world. Besides those already named, there are Flossie Rolles, a sister of the poetess, without a hint of her talent; Algernon Tracy, a young gentleman with a stutter and a good opinion of himself, who sets up for Flossie's lover and comes in rather good time into a baronetcy; and Sir Percy Barham, a baronet with a mania for speculation, to which he owes an entire loss of fortune. Penniless now himself, Sir Percy's only amusement appears to be letting in others. So successful is he in this attempt, it seems almost possible to imagine him to have taken a commission from ruin, and become one of her most active agents. After the fluttering care of Mrs. Courtenay, most of the inmates of the house are made happy, not only so far as their physical comfort and well-being are concerned, but with regard to their entire aspirations. Immediately upon receiving intelligence of his cousin's death, Algernon Tracy, now Sir Algernon Tracy, proposes to Flossie, who has hitherto treated him with scant courtesy, but who now accepts gladly his advances. Sir Percy takes in the young baronet with the utmost ease, and finds him not only contented, but grateful—so grateful, indeed, as to pay a couple of thousand pounds premium for two years' lease of the Courtenay villa. Lyttleton, meanwhile, has taken a small house for his wife, and fears she will not enter it. She is lured there, however, by Mrs. Courtenay, and finds the cottage delightful. In it are the things she most prized, which have now, thanks to the kindness of some unknown benefactor, been collected from the sale of her goods. At first she attributes to Lord Tarleton this delicate attention. The receipt of a letter from him, in which, with characteristic churliness, he denies a request, convinces her that he is not her benefactor. Who, then, is it? Though bidden to be silent, Mrs. Courtenay tells her it is her husband. When, accordingly, doubtful of the success of his schemes, Dick comes into the house, he finds his wife anxious to clasp him to her breast. Converted at last, she no longer thinks Fame the best of earthly possessions. She learns that devotion and domestic peace are much more sterling and valuable gifts." Miss Annie Lafontaine appeared as the heroine, Mr. Howe as Dick Lyttleton, Mr. Herbert as Tom Courtenay, Mr. Buckstone as Sir Percy, Mr. Gordon as Lord Tarleton, Miss Marion Terry as Mrs. Courtenay, and Miss Maria Harris as Flossie.

"CINQ-MARS,"

M. Gounod's new opera was recently produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, France. A correspondent thus speaks of it: "The first of the four acts which 'Cinq-Mars' comprises takes place in a country chateau near Paris. The young hero is surrounded by a crowd of gallant gentlemen and fair ladies, who have come to bid him adieu on his going to court. All volunteer their advice as to his future line of conduct, and all agree to differ in their counsels. Some would have him see his only master in Richelieu, while the others bid him look to the King. Cinq-Mars evades giving an adhesion to the views of either party, and is no sooner left alone with his grave friend De Thou than he confides to him the secret of the deep affection he feels for the Duchess Marie De Gonzagues. De Thou tells him his duty is to stifle such a hopeless passion, and never to divulge it. Then, laughingly, Cinq-Mars says he will try to read his destiny in a book which happens to be lying on the table, a "Life of the Saints," and the page at which the young man opens it is no other than that describing the martyrdom of Saint Gervais at St. Protais. Father Joseph (l'Eminence Grise), Richelieu's devoted subaltern, brings word that Poland has invited Marie De Gonzagues to become her Queen. The couriers envy the good fortune of the young Princess, while she herself laments the prospect of a future which will deprive her of the obscure and calm existence she had dreamed of passing with Cinq-Mars. The two lovers meet by appointment when all the others have left, and exchange vows of mutual fidelity. The second act transports us to the Louvre, where we find Cinq-Mars, at the zenith of his fortune, already installed as Equerry of the King. Fontrailles and a coterie of court gallants are assembled, and in their midst figure Marion Delorme and Ninon De Lenclos, who, thinking they had come to visit Cinq-Mars, find themselves in the apartments of the chaste Louis XIII. The discontent against Richelieu has reached its climax, and he has added to it by wishing to exile Marion and Ninon. Cinq-Mars is magnificently attired, and all brilliant in his new favor with the King. His position in the royal household is, above all, precious to him because it enables him to be near the Princess Marie, who is in the Louvre. The two lovers often meet. In one of their interviews, as they are once more repeating together their love-rosary, a mouse appears. It is Father Joseph again, and he tells Cinq-Mars that the Cardinal disapproves of an attachment by which his projects may be disconcerted. 'You must renounce the hand of the Princess,' he says to the young man. 'What!' answers Cinq-Mars, 'in spite of the King's promise!' 'The Cardinal refuses,' retorts Father Joseph. 'I defy his forbiddal!' exclaims the hero, 'and you, serpent, leave my sight.' From that moment war is declared between Cinq-Mars and the Cardinal, only to end by the fall of either. To crush his terrible rival, Cinq-Mars is determined to stir at once, as expedient; he will bring the direst troubles on his country, will even call on the Spaniards to invade its soil. At a splendid entertainment given in Ninon's house, a party of the French noblesse swear, in a morceau that is too fine for such an unworthy act, to upset the Cardinal. De Thou protests, imploring them not to invite the enemy on the sacred soil of their ancestors; but they refuse to listen to him, the revolt is decided upon, and Fontrailles will carry to Spain the treaty which calls on the foreigner to enter France. The next scene is at Fontainebleau. Hunting-horns are heard, and immediately after Marie and Cinq-Mars, accompanied by the faithful De Thou, come, while awaiting their bridal, to plight their troth to each other before the altar. But Richelieu knows all. Both the young men are immediately arrested, transferred to Lyons, and condemned to death with the speed ordinary in those days of rapid justice. The last act passes in the prison, where, strange to say, the Princess Marie has been enabled without any difficulty to rejoin her betrothed. After one of those attempted escapes which never succeed in the last act of either a drama or an opera, the headsman, accompanied by Father Joseph, comes to seek the two friends, and they then remember the sad recital of the death of Saint Gervais and Saint Protais. As the last of the melancholy procession which conducts them to the scaffold passes out at one side of the stage, Marie De Gonzagues enters at the other, and, realizing the terrible truth of the situation, utters a piercing shriek and falls lifeless to the ground." M. Dereins appeared as the hero, M. Stephane as De Thou, M. Giraudet as Father Joseph, Mlle. Chevrier as Marie De Gonzagues (her first appearance on any stage), and Mme. Franck-Duvernoy as Marion Delorme.

"MAMMON,"

a three-act comedy adapted by Sydney Grundy from Octave Feuillet's "Montjoye," was first acted at the Strand Theatre, London, Eng., April 7. The plot is thus described: "Sir Geoffrey Heriott is a financier, who has raised himself in the world by successful speculation, and, as it clearly appears, by something closely approaching to peculation also. But Sir Geoffrey is a smart man. He has but one code—that money covers a greater multitude of sins than charity. After a fashion he loves his wife, and to his daughter he is really devoted; but Mammon is his idol. In act the first we see him at the zenith in his study, concocting new schemes and revealing his worldliness in every sentence he utters. His secretary, Parker, comes to him with deeds and papers. Among them is a contract for the purchase of a sham diamond-mine, the 'Wheal Caroline,' a thoroughly 'bogus' bit of financing, which Sir Geoffrey is about to sell to an old friend, Mark Chinnery, for one hundred thousand pounds; while we learn that the speculator is about to purchase it for five hundred pounds, and thinks it dear at that. But Sir Geoffrey, in addition to his financial plans, has some domestic difficulties. The lady who has married Mark Chinnery was formerly his mistress, and he is mean enough to utilize his old passion. Professing admiration still, and sending her handsome presents, he induces her to persuade her husband to purchase the 'Wheal Caroline' Diamond Mine. But Mark is a cool hand. He says in his north-country accent that £100,000 is 'a big loomp o' money,' and he means "to tak' time to consider o't." Meanwhile, Sir Geoffrey has ordered a diamond cross as a present for Mrs. Chinnery, with the intent of at once gratifying her vanity and making Mark believe that the precious stones came from the 'Wheal Caroline.' The jewelers, however, send the diamonds home to Lady Heriott, and Sir Geoffrey, confounded by the blunder, is compelled to make his wife a present on he had intended for Mrs. Chinnery. The financing Baronet is also ambitious to get into Parliament for Eastminster, and a deputation comes. He makes a speech full of humor, promising every possible and impossible thing if they will elect him. The curtain falls amidst a general jubilation, and a parting chorus: 'He's a jolly good fellow.' But a week elapses, and ugly rumors are circulated about the new candidate. It is said that his old friend George Sorrell, a banker, had committed suicide, being ruined through the machinations of Sir Geoffrey. The banker had left a son, a young lawyer, who has known Sir Geoffrey's daughter Violet and loved her from a child. George Sorrell is actively employed in canvassing for Sir Geoffrey, who surprises him making love to Violet, and at first violently opposes the young man's pretensions. But the scandal against Sir Geoffrey increases, and he thinks it would be a ready way to silence it if the son of the man he is said to have so deeply injured became affianced to his daughter. But other complications ensue. Lady Heriott discovers the secret of the diamonds. A terrible scene takes place between husband and wife. They resolve to separate, and then comes the question for Violet—will she stay with her father or mother? The situation is a fine one, and it would have been better for the curtain to fall on the affecting scene where the daughter distractedly clings to her mother. The after details only weaken the powerful effect produced. Another week elapses, and it becomes evident that the affairs of Sir Geoffrey are becoming entangled. He sticks manfully to the helm, but the ship is not seaworthy. There will be a great crash on the rock Speculation, and, in all probability, it will founder. Mrs. Chinnery comes to visit—to taunt him; but she is no longer any fascination for him. A bunch of violets sent by his daughter recalls her pure love, and the appearance of Violet strengthens this better feeling. He dismisses Mrs. Chinnery with coolness, nay, even with scorn, and she quits the room, saying bitterly 'This will cost you one hundred pounds.' Presently Mark Chinnery enters. He has discovered some ugly things relating to the 'Wheal Caroline,' and he speaks his mind with frankness. More than this, the secretary says that all the capital is spent; that creditors are pressing; that at this very moment the bailiff is in the house. 'Let him take a chair and wait,' says Sir Geoffrey coolly. 'He has taken *several* already' is the response. There is, in fact, a collapse—a perfect smash. The speculator appears without a friend, for the wily secretary himself has made money by dabbling with his master's undeveloped schemes. In this crisis the wife and daughter still remain faithful. They appeal to the ruined man with all the tenderness and devotion of their sex, and, moved by their pure and unselfish efforts, Sir Geoffrey takes them to his heart and vows that his future career shall be worthy of their love, and that, guided solely by truth and honor, he will build up his fortune upon a surer foundation than gold." The cast included W. H. Vernon as Sir Geoffrey, Mr. Beveredge as Mark Chinnery, Mr. Grahame as George Sorrell, Mr. Chamberlain as Parker, Mrs. Fairfax as Lady Heriott, Miss Fanny Hughes as Mrs. Chinnery, and Miss Emma Ritta as Violet.

CAMUDI, OR WATER BOA, vs. ALLIGATOR.

The traveler in Guinea has various opportunities of observing the camudis, and studying the tactics of these beautiful, subtle, and rapacious creatures when on the lookout for prey. Sometimes you may see them coiled on wide-spreading roots, or on a strong branch overhanging the river. The dark spots on their glossy, yellow skins look like the shadows of leaves in the golden sunlight, as they lie there motionless to death, but most watchful, and ready to launch themselves with unerring aim on any creature that passes beneath. At other times, pressed by hunger, they immerse themselves in the waters of the lakes or rivers. If a strong current be running, the camudi seeks the protection of some fallen tree, sheltered by which it lies on the edge of the swirling eddies, with its head towards the middle of the stream. The head only, and a small portion of the body near the tail, are allowed to touch the surface of the still water. The head looks like a floating seed or seed-pod, and that small part of the back that is visible looks like a film or scum on the water. No one would think that a snake of ten, fifteen or twenty feet was there. Imperceptibly it glides onward, the head slowly advances, as if moved by the breeze or a slight current; then it remains stationary, and the tiny object draws gradually nearer to it. This process is repeated without apparent effort or attracting attention, until some victim be near enough to be reached with a single spring; when the head flies forward and seizes, and the tail is at the same instant whirled round it. "It was doubtless in this way," says an eye-witness to a battle between these reptiles, "that the camudi surprised the alligator, which, when watching for its prey, keeps its eyes and the tip of its snout only on a level with the surface of the water, but does not see so well what is behind as above or in front. Having thrown itself on its intended victim, and got a coil round its body, the camudi's next efforts were directed to keep its own head and neck from the alligator's jaws, as a crushing grip from those jagged teeth would have decided the battle. A simple move effected this. It passed its head round the thick part of the alligator's tail, and its own tail round the alligator's neck. When this last move was accomplished, it virtually settled the contest. The captive might struggle violently, but escape was hopeless; and as the folds were drawn tighter, all power, even of motion, was at length taken away. The rugged, mail-clad reptile—its teeth and claws quite useless—lay like a log on the surface of the water, with two central folds of the camudi around its body, two others round its neck, and two holding its tail with a vice-like grasp. Three legs were also enveloped; and the fourth, a foreleg, with outspread claw, was just held up above water, as if appealing for help. The camudi, when his antagonist ceased to struggle, brought his head round and pressed it tightly on the central folds, and seemed instinctively aware that one limb, though useless, was still free. Tightening his grasp, he got about a foot of tail to spare. We saw this slowly rise above the surface, grope for, and hook round the outstretched claw, drawing it down. Then all was quiet. The tail of the alligator was raised out of the water, and the head kept under, as if to drown it. It was suggested that the alligator might escape, but the general opinion was that it was dead already. 'Its sides are all crushed in,' was the remark. Guns were sent for and fired. The snake, riddled through and through, cast himself off his victim, and sank writhing to the bottom. The alligator gave a parting blow with his tail, and, glad to be released from that too close embrace, darted off down the canal towards the river."

FITCHED OUT.—He was a malodorous-looking tramp with a glass eye, who smiled with a vitreous grin as he knocked at the Church-street front-door last evening, and brought forth a muscular and business-like girl. "Is yer boss in?" "No, there's nobody but me." "Then I'll just come in and warm myself a while." He put himself inside the door; then he got down on his knees, and rolled down the steps like an imbecile rag-bag. When his partner picked him up he remarked, as he pressed his head into shape again: "B'gramminy, Jim, you'd better keep away from that yaller house; they've got the pitcher of the she baseball club for a hired girl, and she carries the stove-lifter in her pocket."

ABOUT NIGHT-CAPS.—An American lady coming from Canada assured the customs-officer that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunk: but he went to the bottom of the institution, where he found a dozen bottles of brandy stowed away. "Madam," demanded he sternly, "do you call *these* wearing apparel?" "Yes," the lady demurely replied; "they are my husband's 'night-caps'!"

"WE SHALL MEET."—A train was carrying a clergyman and five or six youths who kept scoffing at religion and telling disagreeable stories. The good man endured it all, simply saying as he got out: "We shall meet again?" "Why shall we meet again?" asked the leader. "Because I am a prison-chaplain," was the reply.

A WOMAN who was told that some tables in the Russian department at the Centennial were made of malachite, exclaimed, "My goodness, I thought Malachite was one of the prophets."

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE DEBUTANTE.

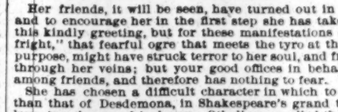
Ever disposed to assist the ambitious aspirant for histrionic fame, we have placed our establishment at the disposal of a young lady of this city, who will on this occasion make

HER FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

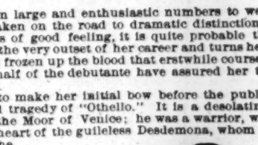
Her friends, it will be seen, have turned out in large and enthusiastic numbers to welcome her and to encourage her in the first step she has taken on the road to dramatic distinction. But for this kindly greeting, but for these manifestations of good feeling, it is quite probable that "stage-fright," that fearful ogre that meets the tyro at the very outset of her career and turns her from her purpose, might have struck terror to her soul, and frozen up the blood that erstwhile coursed so freely through her veins; but your good offices in behalf of the debutante have assured her that she is among friends, and therefore has nothing to fear.

She has chosen a difficult character in which to make her initial bow before the public—no less than that of Desdemona, the Shakespearean tragedy of "Othello." It is a desolating story of love, treachery and jealousy. Othello was called the Moor of Venice; he was a warrior, whose brave deeds upon the field of battle had won the pure heart of the guileless Desdemona, whom he took to wife. But Iago, a deep-dyed villain, planted the seeds of jealousy in the breast of the Moor, whose soul was filled with agony and despair.

We are not aware that, like victims of the green-eyed monster of the present day, Othello took to drink, and frequented the slums of Brooklyn, or bribed the "most potent, grave and reverend signiors" of the Senate to give him a divorce. No! He suffered alone, and bore the ills that jealous flesh is heir to, in the desolation of his fireside. Worked up to frenzy by the taunts and jeers of Iago, Othello confronts his wife, and charges her with being false to him, and favoring Cassio. She repels the foul slander, but the enraged Moor drags her from her couch, gives her three minutes and a half to say her prayers, and then cruelly smothers her with a bolster. Her sweet spirit wings its flight to slow music, just as Iago's wife exposes her husband's baseness and treachery, and proves the innocence of Desdemona, who lies stark and cold in death. Iago enters and denies his wife's accusation, but is plain as proof of Holy Writ; the evidence is as plain as proof of Holy Writ; whereupon Iago slays his wife, and seeks safety in flight; but he is caught and brought into the presence of Othello, whose soul cries for revenge. He looks upon the craven coward whose guilt is beyond doubt. Like the tiger crouching for its spring, the Moor fastens his eyes upon the monster, then dashes the viper to his feet and stabs him, but not to death; no, he lets him live a prey to his own conscience.



OTHELLO'S ANGER.



DESDEMONA AND THE MOOR.

IAGO AND THE ENRAGED MOOR.

Othello gazes upon the fair face of his dead love, impresses a kiss upon her cold and livid lips, and, stabbing himself, dies upon the corpse of Desdemona. It is a thrilling recital, and we breathe freer when the curtain falls upon this scene of blood, and we become aware of the fact that Desdemona, in the person of the debutante, still lives, to delight her friends for many a day to come. It may be incidentally remarked that the young lady's success was decided, and we congratulate her upon the favorable impression she has made on both "press and public."

A DIFFERENT SORT OF IAGO.—A Chicago actor's rendition of Iago is thus spoken of by a critic: "He does not seem to think that Iago was the cold-blooded, villainous villain that Mr. Booth makes him, but rather sarcastic, rollicking, cynical cuss."

JIPKINS, prompter of a theatre, was asked by a friend why he never tried acting. "Don't you care for the laurels?" "Laurels be hanged!" replied Jipkins. "It's as much as I can do to manage the baize."

THE PROBABLE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF "OTHELLO" IN THIS CITY.

A company under the management of Robert Upton began a season in the theatre in Nassau street, located on the east side, between John street and Maiden lane, Dec. 26, 1751, and we append a copy of a newspaper advertisement which appeared on Monday, Dec. 23, 1751. Mr. Upton acted Othello. His company, besides himself and wife, was composed of the remnants of companies which had preceded him, and apparently did not give satisfaction.

By his Excellency's permission,
ON THURSDAY EVENING NEXT,
December 26th,
at the theatre in Nassau street, will be presented, by a new company of comedians, a tragedy called

"OTHELLO, MOOR OF VENICE."

to which will be added a dramatic entertainment *wrote* by the celebrated Mr. Garrick, called

"LETHE."

Boxes, 5 shillings; pit, 4 shillings; gallery, 2 shillings.

THEN LOOK ON THIS PICTURE.

How pleasant it is to turn from the deeds of gore so cleverly delineated above, and feast our eyes upon this lovely creature, who now appears before you in her new Spring suit, and who will warble

The Pride of the Vale.

BY ROBERT MCKAY.

Oh, sweet are the flowers that flourish in Spring,
And sweet are the songs that the little birds sing,
But sweeter than either—to describe her, words fail—
Is Annie, dear Annie, the pride of the vale.

With her o'er the meadows so fragrant and gay
In Summer's bright hours enraptured I stray,
Culling the cowslips and primroses pale,
For Annie, dear Annie, the pride of the vale.

As pure as the dewdrop of morning is she—
A blossom more lovely blooms not on the lea—
As sweet and as simple as love's tender tale
Is Annie, dear Annie, the pride of the vale.

Oh, ne'er may the impress of age mar thy brow;
Oh, ne'er may thy bright eyes be less bright than now;
But ever thy beauty o'er all hearts prevail,
Sweet Annie, dear Annie, the pride of the vale.

A POPULAR actor, H. Irving,
As Hamlet of praise was deserving,
But he failed in Macbeth
(Being *too* scant of breath),
And most people thought him un-Irving.

MABEL PEARL.

MISS MONIER'S DRAMATIC SALOON, NEW YORK CITY.

A small theatre was fitted up in the upper part of a building formerly known as the City Saloon, on Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church, and was opened July 13, 1837, by John J. Adams, as the City Theatre. Mr. Adams retired from the management after one week, and Mr. Cowell succeeded him, and ran it until Aug. 7. Miss Virginia Monier next hired it, and opened it under the title given above. We append a copy of an advertisement of the place:

MISS MONIER'S DRAMATIC SALOON,
Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church,
SEPTEMBER 1, 1837.
BENEFIT OF MR. WAKELY, BILLPOSTER.
This evening will be presented the comedy of
THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Mandeville.....Mr. Germon
Aurelia.....Miss V. Monier

After which will be performed the second act of
THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

Belino.....Mr. Germon | Julia.....Miss E. Monier

To conclude with the farce of
HIDE-AND-SEEK.

Simeon.....Mr. G. F. Browne | Lucretia.....Mrs. Watts

Henry Wakely, billposter, has the pleasure of announcing to his friends and the public at large, with the greatest

and most honest-wishing heart-feelings towards a lady of honor and honesty, who has given him the privilege of having a benefit this evening, Sept. 1, at the above theatre, and promises a splendid and attractive bill, with first-rate performers.

Dear citizens—both one and all—
It is for my tickets I hope you will call
(At the box-office or No. 1 Ann street, my office),
If labor and industry is the support of any man,
Then buy the billposter's tickets, if you can.
In Brooklyn City I have lost a great deal of sweat,
And I hope my friends won't me lose
In New York, too, I have served you all
By posting bills both great and small,
And it is to my benefit I hope you will call.
HENRY WAKELY, 1 Ann street.

THE DANCING GIRLS.

WAITING FOR THEIR SALARIES.

During the season about to close we have been favored with the poetry of motion as exemplified in various spectacular pieces produced at Booth's Theatre, Niblo's Garden, etc. Upon the stage the language of the dancers is voiceless, it is true; yet it is the expressive language of attitudes, and motions, and gestures; shiftings of the eye, and smiles of the lip. They use arms and legs, features, and bodies as their alphabet. It is a complicated combination, yet fraught with best pictures to public notice, and show a few of the ladies of the ballet awaiting the coming of the treasurer, who comes not. They work hard and late, and save many a spectacle from failure, and the pittance they are promised is but small at the best; yet, small as it is, it is frequently filched from them by adventurers and soulless speculating managers; and the poor dancers are left to brood over their wrongs, while those who employ them enjoy every luxury. Then the language of the dancers as they demand their long-overdue salaries is a little more vehement than is the language of their feet in the poetry of motion. We have had, during the present season, many instances of fraud and deception practiced on the poor ballet girl by irresponsible and heartless speculators; and it is high time that these so-called managers were made to understand that the law will protect the dancer in her rights, and condemn her merciless oppressors.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. IV.

LUCY ISABELLA BUCKSTONE,

whose portrait is given on our first page, is the daughter one of the two J. B. Buckstones who have figured upon the American stage. Both her parents have been actors. Her mother was formerly Mi

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, Apr. 30.

LADIES' LIST

Allen, Mad. Norah / Arlington, Ella / Alexander, Sara / Armond, Arsena / Allen, Eloise / Arnold, Hattie / Barry Frankie / Bidwell, "Dollie" / Burroughs, Mrs. Anita / Boniface, Marie / Bridges, Eloise (2) / Bridges, Nona 3c. / Blitz, Rosa / Buell, Miss C. C. / Bloom's (Chicago Co., Dora / Bidwell, Helen D. / Bidwell, Julia F. / Cameron, Miss (of Chanfran's Co.) (2) / Cammara, Marie / Clifton, Blanche / Claxton, Kate / Clifford, Ada / Carlton, Mrs. Bertie / Carfano, Rosa / Cawthorne, Mrs. S. / Carle, Lottie / De Yon, Adele / D'Alvis, Lulie / Delmar, La-lu / Eagle, Jennie / Estache, Mlle. A. / French, Mamie / Fontainbleau, Blanche / Florence, Hattie (trapeze) / Griffith Angelia / Gleason, Alice / Granville, Mlle. / Glassford, Eliza / Goldmere, Annie / Gaugain, Marie / Harland, Rose / Heywood, Nellie / Holman, Sallie / Herbert, Carrie (vocalist) / Henry, Josephine / Howard, Frankie / Hassim, Leni (2) / Irwin, May 5c. / Kemble, Frankie / Kellogg, Alice / Kimberley, Bessie / Lynn, Lottie (of Lynn Sist.) / Lindsay, Jennie / Leonard, Mrs. Nellie / Lee, Rose / Le Brun, Marie (2) / Lang, Ione / Lucille, Fannie 8c. / Miller, Mrs. A. / Montello, May / Macarte, Madam / Miles, Mrs. S. / Maitland, Louise (trapina (3) / Mowring, Frances / Montgomery, Phe by / Montford, Annie / Meyer, Bonnie (2) / Morgan, Jennie / Payne, Lizzie / Poinecroy, Louise / Purnell Sisters / Rivers, Maggie / Robson, Erba / Ransom, Alice / Richardson, Hattie C. / Richmond Sisters / Strafford, Beatrice / Selwyn, Blanche / St. Maur, La-lu / Stella, Miss R. / Searles, May / Stane, Mrs. Emma / St. Felix, Mad. Mary / Swedish Lady Vocalists / Schroter, Henrietta / Stoddart, May / Stokes, Virginia C. / Shanley, Josephine (2) / Treat, May / Templeton, Alice V. / Vincent, Pauline / Verlander, Jeannette / Vane, Cora / Warner, Minnie 3c. / Warner, Ella / Weatherby, Eliza / Whittington, "Lottie" / Watterns, Nelly (of C. Thompson's Co) / Winchester, Maggie / Young, Millie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Armstrong, Harry & Jas. / Arnold, W. (of Arnold Bros. / Armstrong, C. (of Barbour's Min.) / Allergi, Peter / Allen, "Dock" / Atwood, C. T. / Almonte, Jas. / Atchinson, L. D. Ala, — / Boucicalt, Dion / Brown, Thos. W. (agent) (3) / Brown, E. B. (manager) / Baugh, Chas. / Brooks, A. R. / Brown, Edwin (proscript.) / Bergan, E. S. / Booth, L. M. / Bishop, W. H. / Bishop, J. C. / Bosworth, Frank / Booker, "Johnny" (2) / Brent, Wm. H. / Barry, "Billy" / Brooks, A. R. / Blanchett, E. (2) / Bryant, "Billy" (of Bryant's Min.) / Bauer, Chiebaut (2) / Bryan, Fred / Benton, Chas. / Birdue, "Gus" / Barry, Chas. / Bennet, Harry (actor) / Brennan & Wife / Barton, Barry / Byron, F. (of "The Byron Trio) / Bell, Dan. / Blossom, "Jerry" / Bruffey, E. Conway / Brewster, Albert, M. / Barr, Geo. (musician) / Barnum, P. T. / Baugh, M. / Costley, Jos. / Cody, Col. W. F. / Cheverst & Kennedy / Cooper, W. H. / Chapman, Harry C. / Cronin, Wm. / Castle, Thos. / Cassim, Jas. / Carroll, Chas. (2) / Crosby, Wm. (2) / Cleary, J. J. / Coburn, Saml. R. / Carroll, "Billy" (Irish "biz") / Clifton, Frank M. / Cooper, Thos. / Cauturier, Carter / Carle, Jno. H. / Curtis, M. B. / Cooper, W. H. / Carr, Frank H. / Costuma, D. / Clark, Churt / Collier, Jas. W. / Chapman, Frank / Carner, J. W. / Clark, W. D. / Cottrell, F. G. &c. / Clavde, W. / Carlisle, Harry M. / Cavella, Harry / Deagle, Geo. / Davenport, E. L. / Dalee, "Dan" W. / Dobson, Chas. E. / Drew, J. (of Drew & Lawton) / Dickeson, H. / Daly, W. J. (musician) / Dood, Courtland / De King, Henri / Durand, Jas. / Dewayer, W. (circus-manager) / Denier, "Tony" / Deakin, H. (of "Lilliputian" Co.) / Dupree, Chas H. / Durand, A. P. / Dingess, R. S. / Elbert, B. / Ellis, Chas. (of "Tony" Past. Co.) / Ellery, Geo. A. / Eytinge, Walter A. / Emerson & Clark / Eades, Harry / Elliott, Chas. / Frohman, Gust. / Foote, Jr., Wm. / Fleury, Fernando / Fox, J. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.) / Finke, Wm. H. / Frost, Hyatt / Foster, A. J. / Felton, Fred / Fowler, W. W. / Forrester, Chas. F. / Franckum, Geo. M. / Gale, Walter / Griffin, Jno. W. / Grundy, T. (2) / Graham, Thos. / Griffin, Master / Hatcher, J. T. / Hill, G. A. / Hughes, Mark / Herrman, (prestidt.) / Hooley & Thompson / Hughes, "Archie" / Hine, Walter / Husted, (agent) / Harry, (agent) / Hammond, Jno. H. / Haight, "Bob" / Hubbard, D. R. / Hill, Harry / Hennessey Bros. / Haynes, M. E. / Henderson, W. H. / Harris, D. J. / Hennessey, F. (of Hennes Bros.) (2) / Hall, Mills (2) / Howard, A. / Holdsworth, Melon Man) / "Sam" / Heinal, Alex. / Hertzog, Danl. / Holcombe, C. J. / Hyde, J. Milton (2) / Heywood Bros. / Jones, J. / Kellogg, Alice / Kimberley, Bessie / Kice, Mr. (of Grifin & Rice) / Kitchie, Fred. / Rignold, Geo. / Rice, Wm. H. / Richards, A. (of Cole's Cir. / Rickaby, Jno. 3c. / Ripley, Wm. / Robin, F. / Shelly, M. M. / Stiles, "Johnny" / Smith, Neil / Schaefer, Jacob / Sage, Geo. A. / Sadler, Thos. (2) / Smart, Ed. / Sutherland, Ed. / Simon, J. A. (of Seventh N. B.) / Sanford & Wilson Sleeper, Col. "Hal" / Sands, Ed. / Sully, "Dan" (Irish "biz") (2) / Sully, W. / Straken, Max. / Sprague & Blodgett / Smith, Henderson / Simmons, "Lew" / Sidney, Geo. S. / Sinport, Harry / Luby, Chas. / Savile, F. W. / Lessenger & Moore / Saiscell, Lyman / Leech, J. B. L. / Laurent, Felix / Le Clair, "Shed" / Little, Jas. / Lawson, F. (of Soldene's Co.) / Moore, Geo. W. (2) / Mack, Harry / M. L. P. (2) / Mordaunt, F. / Myers, J. H. (of De Haven & Co. & Cir.) / Manager L. C. / Musical / Murray, J. H. (circus prop.) (3) / Murtha & Shannon / Melville, James / Martin, "Sam" (2) / Green, Jas. / Goodwin, N. C. / Gilliman, J. J. / Goodman, D. L. / George, "Ben" / Goffrie, Chas. / Gaine, R. / Goodfellow, Luke / Goodyear, C. W. (2) / Gilday, Chas. / Grundy, T. (2) / Graham, Thos. / Griffin, Master / Hatcher, J. T. / Hill, G. A. / Hughes, Mark / Herrman, (prestidt.) / Hooley & Thompson / Hughes, "Archie" / Hine, Walter / Husted, (agent) / Harry, (agent) / Hammond, Jno. H. / Haight, "Bob" / Hubbard, D. R. / Hill, Harry / Hennessey Bros. / Haynes, M. E. / Henderson, W. H. / Harris, D. J. / Hennessey, F. (of Hennes Bros.) (2) / Hall, Mills (2) / Howard, A. / Holdsworth, Melon Man) / "Sam" / Heinal, Alex. / Hertzog, Danl. / Holcombe, C. J. / Hyde, J. Milton (2) / Heywood Bros. / Jones, J. / Kellogg, Alice / Kimberley, Bessie / Kice, Mr. (of Griff

, 1877.

ATRE, Baltimore, ique called "Towes ;" Master Dunn anford and Wil Martin and Billy ities furnished a rt of Gold," with ffany, S. K. Ches ong in the lead Estelle Mortimer mentary benefit, "Lady Audley's ildings, to Wm. elles and Evans, Wilson, to New ement. The ser dvertising agent, underlined for 30 ating and Sands, w central Theatre female-minstrel Morris sang scrio. rned a song-and ch in a musical ristocratic Flirta Nonus. Grossi's d the drama of the Prairie Flower e, closed the bill New York; Neco gement. To open d Lizzie Harrest ars were Minnie M. Parker, Marry h. The only clos gton, D. C. Under hur Johnson and

Chicago, a bill of d excellence has th Edgill and Zi pl;" Albert Geyer, ic and contortion comic songs; Miss tumed, delighted clog and other as usual repeat Clair proved his xtilful of high-tra wever, centred in rsonation of "Ya ch kept the house ast. Victoria Rit acceptable. Next ombination, em prlacchi, Donald Charles and a Geo. W. Thomp and Edgill and Kayes, Carrie in the city. Busi eum has shown lying the follow Milton Jaspers—as athletes and e highest stand e and Alice—were the Ezelline Sis their clubs and satisfactory re ome." The per Fay's local drama Around Chicago," for the display of ish characteriza Globe Theatre has ce, consisting n, the Nicholses, and for a finale rels. Next (this) a Don Thompson continued to at- cademy of Music, a good olio. Ad-

mique, St. Louis, ing April 22 con ce Lasplati, clog d-dances by the onica and guitar y Edna Orr and elly in acrobatic ballet of "Sata ce Lapoint close ab and Ferguson any at the Winter onell, Edith Lyle, nnie Willis, R. J. L. Hassett, Dan a Tour, and the ivices of April 27. eveland, to the of Millie Leston, song-and-dance; re Sisters, Pete nd Flynn and N. ey Bros., Flora bbott and Frank s the Academy of

r closed a series ana, Cuba, April they gave three re commencing Bull ring, begin her in the thea Sunday they also gave a series of commencing 16. n-ascension and the company in mance with the Matanzas. They to commence a

lling an engage ress in another ind in August. and refitted his will open it May r a lady pianist, ians. list and dancer, ashire-clog, etc., olumn. NTIC NOVELTY , Cal., perform , Medicine Bow wings 27, Green s John Pierce, rof. De Monco, Port Hope, Ont., oronto 27, 28. list and come with a boy April

Madge Alston, st concluded a Union Theatre, forming at the ademy of Music, a good olio. Ad-

ers who were am, Ad Yale Va., was ar stice April 23; nable to ap he 30th. Raymond and new faces at pril 23. The own. Lilly De remains at good. dence, R. I., r this week: zzy Mulvey, saunders and w people at k. Low and and Lottie iers are an-

son, Mich., is von the clog ompetitor was

sionals that the Adelphi exception of a elsewhere. A remainder of

MAY 5, 1877.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AT TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, Pittsburg, Pa., D. L. Morris in "The Dutch Agency;" Clara Sidelle in male impersonations; and Prof. George Carlyle and Son in acrobatic feats, were the new features. Closing 28: Lizzie Barrett and Clara Sidelle, to Baltimore; Lizzie Mulvey, Providence; Continental Four, Philadelphia; and Matt Morgan's statues, to the Oil Regions. Opening 30: James D. Roome, Lillie Ellis, Esther Depew, Florentine and Kitty Sanford.....The Fourth-avenue Theatre did a good business last week. The statues are still retained. The only specialty accessions were Belle Estelle in songs-and-dances, and Wm. Laiscelle in a clever trapeze act. Opening 30: Mme. De La Mars' Cancan Troupe, O'Brien brothers, Ada Adair, Tom Martin, Hall and Burke, Edna Wellington and the Crawford Bros.

THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, Toronto, Ont., opened for the Summer season April 23. Tim Morris failed to put in an appearance; Signor Montesano gave a good horizontal-bar performance; Flora Moore was seen in character imitations; James Woodville, song-and-dance; Lottie and John Burton appeared in sketches; Ferguson and Flynn gave double Irish specialties, and later character clog-dances; Ida Dearin sang serio-comic songs; Nell Smith and dogs completed the bill. Business generally quite acceptable. Departures April 28: Flora Moore, Jas. Woodville, to Cleveland; the Buttons, to Detroit; Nell Smith and dogs, destination unknown. The fresh arrivals 30 will be Florence Marshall, Sadie Hasson, Fanny Duane, Frank Bell, John Bartley. Business good.

THE MARTINI SISTERS are at present in Philadelphia, preparing for the stage, under Signor Valli.

VARIETY PERFORMERS are wanted at the National Varieties, this city. Wm. Rehlsen, proprietor, and Frank De Forest, business-manager.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, presented its usual attractive programme last week, including as novel features the specialties of Cool Burgess, Raymond and Murphy, Cohan, Alice Bennett, Frank Lewis, and concluding with the sensational drama of "Wide Awake," in which George France and dogs appeared. Cool Burgess, Raymond and Murphy, Jerry Cohan and George France closed April 28. The new arrivals announced April 30 are Niles and Evans, the Continental Four, and Frank Jones in his sensational drama "The Black Hand." Harry G. Richmond has succeeded George W. Thompson as stage-manager at this theatre.

AT NOONAN'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, a good entertainment was presented last week under the direction of George L. Hall, the new faces being Laura Elmer, Lulu Bond and Bella Cushing. The summer season commences April 30, when Mlle. De La Croix and Carrie Carner will be added to the company.

THE INTERNATIONAL MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, closed an unusually successful variety season on April 28, and will be transformed into a pool-room during the Summer.

THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, was well attended last week, the new arrivals April 23 being Scanlon and Cronin in their sketch "Life in a Tenement-house;" Alf McDowell in the farce "Help Your Neighbor," and La Petite Florence in vocal specialties. Dr. S. M. Landis, Edna Markley and James McKee closed April 28. The new faces announced April 30 are "The Big 4," Master Street, W. Danvers, and Miss Lisa Weber in the extravaganza "Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday."

THE FAY SISTERS in their capital vocal duets, Miss Della Sheppard in serio-comic vocalism, and the German Tyrolean Warblers were the fresh features at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, during the week ending April 28, the attendance being, as usual, large. Miss Edna Markley, Mlle. De La Croix, Guy Linton and Lucy Adams, Miss Kitty Sanford, May Fielding, Welby and Pearl, and Dan Cooley are the latest additions.

SENORITA VELLEFEZ, Miss Carrie Boshell, and E. T. Stetson in his drama "The Boss, or Living for Vengeance," were the principal attractions at the New Adelphi Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending April 28. Cool Burgess opens April 30.

CINCINNATI VARIETY ADVICES April 27 through our correspondent: "New people at the National Theatre Comique 22: Leal Hassim, vocalist; Morris and Williams, song-and-dance; Nellie Zoe, serio-comic; and Lew and Pauline Parker. Departures 28: Johnny Morrissey, New York; Grace Garland, Chicago; and Gilday and Gluiven, Chicago. Opening 29: Ed. Lynch and Minnie Rainforth.....The fresh appearances at the Coliseum 22 were Charles Rogers and Mattie Vickers, whose sketches made a hit; Manchester and Jennings, a brace of fine song-and-dance men; and Fanny Brennah, vocalist. Harry Leslie has become stage-manager. Departures 28: Maggie Gray, Indianapolis; and Eugene and Ocie, Detroit. To open 29: Murphy and Mack, Frank Avery, Mous. Cherand, and Mons. Elviro.....At Heuck's the new faces 22 were John Le Favre Manning, whose trapeze and ring-swinging took well; John and Amy Tudor in their popular sketches; and Harry Brown, character vocalist. Departures 28: Curry and Hall, Chicago; and Gibson and Binney, Louisville. Opening 29, Fernando Fleury and the Stuart Sisters. The girder of the gallery for the new theatre is now erected in the present edifice. The new roof is also completed above the old one, and the west wall is down. The theatre will be kept open one week more, and then closed till May 26, when the new opera-house will be inaugurated. As the present name will be retained, it may be well to state that it is pronounced nearly as if written *Ryke*.....No changes at Eldorado or Winter Garden."

EDWIN PARKES, journalist, announces to variety stars that he is at liberty to receive orders for dramas, sketches, etc. See card.

FOSTER'S COLISEUM, Detroit, Mich., was first opened April 23 to a full house, and many people were turned away. The programme included an overture by the orchestra, under Charles A. Boyd; Frol and Annie McAvoy in an Irish sketch; the St. Felix Sisters in their specialties; Johnny Bartley gave bone-solos, and later his specialty "Mrs. McMany's Hotel;" Leanore St. Felix in songs-and-dances; Conners and Coleman in clogs, and later in songs-and-dances; Miss Barrie Dugel in songs; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Brennan gave a musical farce; Louise Novello, who was hardly up to the standard as a serio-comic, and J. D. Kelly were seen in "Music's Master." The entertainment closed with the farce of "Blue G-as." The Coliseum is located on the City Hall, on the corner of Griswold and Fort streets, and has been very tastefully fitted up. The parquet is furnished with cane-seated chairs, and will accommodate 425; the gallery (reserved exclusively for ladies and their escorts) has cushioned benches for 300; the proscenium is very handsomely decorated, the drop-curtain having a view from the portal of a palace looking towards a facsimile of the Coliseum at Rome in the back-ground. The stage is 24ft.x24ft., with a height of 26ft., the proscenium-opening being 24ft. There are four dressing-rooms and a greenroom. Matinees will be given every Tuesday and Friday. Closing 28: John Bartley, for Toronto. Announced for 30: Ada Stanwood, Kate Montrose, Frank George, Donnely and Drew.....The Comique April 23 introduced Clarke and Fletcher, Dutch comedians; Sheehan and Jones, Irish delineators; and Joe T. Dowling and his trained dogs. Biz fell off a little during the week. Little All-right fell, on account of his right-rope breaking, 25, but was "all right" afterwards.....At Orchestrion Hall business was good, and on April 23 were seen Miss Lea Peasley, song-and-dance, and later in a jig with John Peasley; Fitzgerald and Ryan, Irish specialties; Ned West; Adrienne Grey, vocalist; Paddy Murphy in Irish songs; Mr. Siegrist and his educated dogs, and the Siegrist children. Closing 28 are Fitzgerald and Ryan, John and Lea Peasley, to Grand Rapids; Annie Fox, to New York. Coming 30: Harry Kennedy, Miller and Kline, and Georgie Parker. Advices of April 27.

AT THE DIFFERENT variety theatres in Newark, N. J., the business last week was satisfactory. The new arrivals April 23 at Ward's Opera-house comprised Annie Devere, vocalist; the Crimmins Brothers, in triple songs-and-dances and clog; G. W. Hunter, Irish character and motto-vocalist; Master Wandana, sword-swallower, fire-eater, etc.; Wm. M. Paul and Marquitta Phillips. Departures 28: Crimmins Brothers, Imogene Schofield, Marquitta Phillips and Annie Devere, to New York. Commencing 30: Harrison Sisters, Oakes and Hughes and Ida Vernon.....At the Metropolitan the new features were the Sharpleys in musical specialties, earning applause; Jennie Morgan, who met with success in ballads; and Charley Burnham. Kate Brevoort was billed, but canceled her engagement. Departures 28: James S. and Katie Edwards, Hurley and Marr, the Sharpleys and Jennie Morgan, to New York; and the Rollin Howard Company to open in Irvington, N. J., Monday 30, with Annie Hindle. Murphy and Norton, Adelaide Miller, Wm. A. Huntley, George Morrell, Addie Campbell, Charles Vincent, Mulligan and Morris, Blanche Daly, Frank Livingstone, and Wm. J. Daly.....Boisset's Summer-garden Variety Theatre (formerly Coyne's Atlantic Garden) is to be opened April 30, with Jules Boisset proprietor and manager; Charles L. Davis, director of amusements, and the following company: Emma Vern, Emma Rice, Minnie Clyde, Lottie Wentworth, Addie Madden, Jessie Fox, Loretto De Soto, Chas. A. Reeves, Howard and Hayden, Frank Mara, and the Boisset Family.....Tony Pastor and company showed at the Opera-house 25, and met with the approbation of a large audience, which at an early hour admitted only of standing-room to any part of the house. Letter of April 28.

Miss IDA MADDEN, who closed an engagement of fourteen weeks in the Toledo Theatre, Chicago, Ill., April 22, was presented by the attaches of the theatre and friends with a gold medal.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Lillie De Berg and Miss Zephy closed April 28, going to Richmond, Va. Billed for 30: Eugenie Lavelle and Lou and Sophie Thorne.

AT THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Bosson, the past week, the performance opened with the musical burletta "The Swiss Cottage," well done by Misses Constantine, Wilkes and Marden, and Messrs. Stanton, Hurst, Becker and Roberts. In the olio were Sam Deering, Chas. H. Atkinson, D'Alve Sisters, J. W. McAndrews, Williams and O'Carty, Blanche Selwyn, Pat Rooney, and some good dancing by the ballet, led by Miles. Corsi, Bennett, Eastman, Farrand, Young, and Constantine, closing with "Milliners on a Lark." As usual, the houses were crammed. Next week the very pretty parlor minstrel scene is to be revived, with four endmen and twelve young ladies. In the second part will appear Miss Belle Norton, vocalist; Banker and Mills, operatic sketches; Pat Rooney, J. W. McAndrews, the Thorn Sisters, Mlle. Isola, change artist; and C. H. Atkinson, concluding with the comedy "Forbidden Pleasures; or Charge It to Muldoon," with the whole company in the cast. Cool Burgess is underlined for May 7.....At the Howard Athenæum the local comedy called "Larks" has been given for its second week, and the olio has consisted of the following artists: John Wild, Kelly and Ryan, the Orpheus Quartet, Hamond Bros., the Baleys, Richmond Sisters, and Jas. Maas and Gussie Crayton in their funny musical sketch called "Romeo and Juliet," for next week Geo. E. Forbesque has been engaged to play the Countess in the burlesque "Was She Led, or Did She Go astray?" In the olio are announced Goss and Fox, Kelly and Ryan, Thomas and Watson. Letter dated April 28.

A VARIETY SEASON is to be inaugurated at Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., April 30, Billy Barry's Combination being the attraction.....At the Olympic Theatre last week the chief features were Regan and Griffin, Miss Lou Edwards, McConnin and Mitchell, Charles Konollman, Maggie Warner, Master George Ellsworth, Eurardo and Mat. Green.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., last week, and did a good business.

BILLY PEZL joined the New Orleans Minstrels in Alton, Ill., April 20.

JOHN T. DONNELLY is business-agent for Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels.

MME. RENTZ'S FEMALE MINSTRELS are to show in Gloversville, N. Y., April 30, Utica May 1, Syracuse 2, Oswego 3, Auburn 4, Ithaca 5, Binghamton 7, Hornellsville 8, Bradford, Pa., 9, Jamestown, N. Y., 10, Buffalo 11, and Rochester 12.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS made their first appearance in three years in New England at Bridgeport, Ct., April 24. Route: Fall River, Mass., 30, Newport, R. I., May 1, Taunton, Mass., 2, Worcester 3, Albany, N. Y., 4.

AT THE NEW CHICAGO THEATRE Rice's Minstrels opened the second week to a good attendance, which continued throughout. Friday night Mr. Geo. Miller, manager, was tendered a benefit. Letter of April 28.

HARRY BLANCHARD made his first appearance with Sweatnam & Fraser's Minstrels at Philadelphia, April 23, creating a favorable impression in his double-voice and operatic selections. Charley Reynolds and Fred Waltz were recipients of benefits on the 23d and 27th of April, the first-named then closing a lengthy engagement there.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTREL are billed for Detroit, Mich., May 1, 2, 3.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS showed in New Haven, Ct., April 21, and went from there to Halifax, N. S., from where they are to make a return trip in five weeks.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS show in St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing April 30.

IRVIN T. BUSH, baritone vocalist, instrumentalist, interlocutor, etc., can be engaged. See card.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS have just closed a quite successful three weeks' season at Beethoven Hall, Boston, and will travel for a short time in New England, appearing next week in East Boston, Brockton, Newburyport and Lynn.

G. W. MOORE for the past few days has been traveling with and being entertained by Tony Pastor and Birch, Wambold and Backus. He is to leave New York for Philadelphia May 1.

CIRCUSES.

Hilliard & Hunting's Great Pacific Circus.

THE PROPRIETORS AND OFFICERS are as follow: Proprietors, M. M. Hilliard and R. Hunting; manager, R. Hunting; assistant, S. W. Davis; general agent, John F. Hackett; assistant, Frank Wilson; press agent, F. M. Leace; treasurer, M. M. Hilliard; assistant; D. Gibbs; equestrian director, Stewart W. Davis; leader of orchestra, Dell Skinner; leader of band, Fenton Gilbert; master of canvas, John Morgan; assistant, L. Hitchcock; master of horse, John Case.

CLOWNS—R. Hunting and C. Dismond.

THE COMPANY—Male riders, Abe Greenwood, R. Hunting, H. Sherman and C. Cordella; female, Anna Moreland and Mlle. Allez; trapeze, the Huntings—Clarence and Robert; gymnasts, C. Cordella, O. Victorelli, C. Disser, C. Taylor, and the Sherman Brothers.

TRICK-HORSE—White Hawk.

MULES—Jack and Dips.

NUMBER OF TENTS—Six; horses, 54; men, 60.

CONCERT—Proprietors, Dimond & Russell; performers, Dimond and Russell, and six assistants.

SIDESHOW—L. G. Harris.

CANDY-STAND—Owned by E. B. Kline.

WAGONS—22, green and gold; 3 buggies. They Winter at Adelaide, O., Ohio. Start on the road April 30, making first show at Orwell, Ohio. Route: through the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania, thence going west into Iowa.

The Sideshow with P. T. Barnum's Great Show.

TITLE OF SHOW—Bunnell Brothers' Palace of Wonders.

THE PROPRIETORS AND OFFICERS are—Proprietors, Bunnell Brothers; sideshow orator, Dick Elliot; treasurer, Harry Williams; stage-manager, Dan Luke; leader of Orchestra, Reuben Withers; master of canvas, Tom Havens.

ATTRACTIONS—Miss Hannah Battersby, the Amazon giantess; Miss Zoe Melike, Circassian; Zenobia, the Fan Child; the Rice Family of Dwarfs—Hermann, Johannah, and Gussie; Etta Rodgers, Albino; Bivanita, the Australian bushman; Yeppo, the African wild boy.

PERFORMERS—Stella Le Grille, vocalist; Miss Mary Howes, song-and-dance; the Miaco sisters, dancers; Dan Luke, general performer; Dick Sands, clogist; William Miaco, comedian; Al Miaco, banjoist; Carroll and Barry, song-and-dance; Holbrook and Ryan, sketch artists; Tom Sands, character artist; Bonnie Runnells, Dutch comedian.

CANVASMEN employed, 10; musicians, 8. The concert will be given under a 30-ft. round-top canvas, upon an elevated stage with scenery, etc., with a 50-ft. oblong canvas for curiosities.

JAMES P. ADAMS, clown, publishes a card stating that he will hereafter be known as Pico, by which title he desires to be addressed care of this office.

PACKAGE-CANDY and other novelties in candy, suitable for the circus-sideshow trade are manufactured by L. N. Smith & Co., whose advertisement is published on another page.

W. W. COLE'S CIRCUS exhibited in Franklin, Tenn., April 24, Gallatin 25, Cave City, Ky., 26, Elizabethtown 27, Russellville 28, and is billed in Mason's, Tenn., 30, Forest City, Ark., May 1, Little Rock 2.

A LARGE VARIETY OF ANIMALS, mentioned in his card, are offered for sale by Louis Ruhe.

THE REASON that David Castello was not engaged with the Great Australian Circus was a misunderstanding between Manager Dwyer and H. A. Rush, Castello's agent. This must end the discussion in this department.

THE MEXICAN BAND belonging to Forepaugh's Circus were found wandering in the streets of Baltimore, Md., by a policeman, between twelve and one o'clock A. M. of April 29. The officer conducted them to the station-house, where it was stated by the only one who could speak English that Forepaugh had started for Pittsburg, Pa., and that they and a number of others had been left behind; and further, that they had not been paid, and that when they went to the depot to get their pay a brother of the manager drove them from the train. They are without means, but were made as comfortable as possible at the station-house. They gave their names as Sebastian, Claudio, Julian, Francisco, Isidorio, and Amado Moncayo, all brothers, and Dionisio, Gonsolez, Amado, Valecio and Niolas Torro. Letter dated 29.

THE UNITED STATES CIRCUS, under the direction of Dr. James L. Thayer, will commence the season at Fredericksburg, Pa., May 7, and the performers engaged are requested to assemble there at 9 A. M. on that date. Mlle. Carlotta Wambold and Harry Wambold will travel with this show.

TREMAINE BROS., acrobats and gymnasts, are open for engagements for the season. See card.

FOREPAUGH'S SHOW will exhibit in Worcester, O., May 8, Mansfield 9, Fort Wayne, Ind., 10.

"THE GREAT UNITED STATES CIRCUS," under the direction of Thayer & Noyes, will exhibit in Philadelphia during the week ending May 12, making four different stands in said city. The Lowande and Miaco Families, Mlle. Millie, Carlotta Wambold, Emil Leoroux and Dr. James L. Thayer are the principal features.

J. M. FRENCH has rented his animals to De Haveen's Hippodrome wich opens in Cincinnati, O., April 30.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE showed in Baltimore, Md., April 23 and 24 in a new local ity, Charles and Biddle streets. They made a very imposing and brilliant parade. Mme. O'Brien on the slack-wire, Freddie and Willie O'Brien on the trapeze, the Livingston Brothers and the Victorellis in ground and lofty tumbling, Frank Melville in a jockey-act, and Mons. Conrad in a juggling-act on horseback, were among the attractions. Prof. Barton introduced the elephants, whilst Mme. Dockrill's riding-act, one of the finest ever seen here, was the feature. Business large. Route ahead: York, Pa., 25, Harrisburg 26, Lancaster 27.

THE ROMAN HIPPODROME AND CIRCUS, under management of George De Haven, did a fair business in St. Louis during the past week. Our correspondent says: "No paper on the walls, and no advertisements in the daily papers, gave evidences of bad management."

ADAM FOREPAUGH'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE exhibited on the Bel Air lot, Baltimore, Md., 26, 27 and 29. The circus, although somewhat lacking in equestrian directorship, gave a good exhibition. Prominent in the arena were Mollie Brown, Romeo Sebastian, Billy Dutton and Billy Burke. Business large. Route ahead: Pittsburg, Pa., April 30, May 1.

FLYING HORSES and an organ are offered for sale by Wood, who advertises.

A PANORAMA of the War of Independence can be purchased of G. B. Green. See card.

LIVING CURIOSITIES, song-and-dance people, museum stock and flying-horses are wanted by "W." as per card.

DAN MCCLUER has the sideshow privilege with Burr Robbins' show, and advertises in this issue for curiosities.

BARNUM'S SHOW will commence its traveling season in Danbury, Ct., May 7, and exhibit in Bridgeport 8, New Haven 9, Hartford 10, Providence 11, 12. Our readers are referred to Mr. Barnum's special address published in another column.

News from Aspinwall, N. G.

OUR CORRESPONDENT sends the appended report of amusements:

COLON (ASPINWALL), NEW GRANADA, April 17, 1877.

Since my last no news. The Carlos fair exceeded all anticipations, and the entire populace were in ecstacies over the excellence of their exhibitions. Although billed for one night only, they remained two—both nights the house was packed from the ring out. These shows took place April 3, 4, and so complete and energetic were the efforts of the Carlo Brothers that they crossed the Isthmus with their entire show—some 35 people and 25 horses, occupying five cars—and exhibited in Panama 5, 6, 7, and twice on the 8th. They embarked 9 for Guayaquil, Ecuador, where they remain until the 30th, thence to Callao, Lima, etc. In Panama business was only fair, but, taking the war into consideration, it may be called good, being about equal to that done by the New York Circus some two years ago. J. W. Foster joined them in Panama as general business-agent. DESERET.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS MAGGIE MINOTT has returned to her home in Belle Plaine, Pa., after being on exhibition at Wood's Museum, Chicago, Ill., for three weeks, and one week with the Great Roman Hippodrome. She is said to be 18 years of age, 27 inches high, and weighs 31 pounds.

MAGIC TRICKS, etc., are to be obtained at Queen & Co.'s address, published elsewhere.

AT SCHAEFER'S OPERA-HOUSE, Canton, O., dates can be secured by applying to Louis Schaefer, as per card.

PROF. S. S. AND CLARA BALDWIN, exposers of spiritualistic devices and the Katie King mystery, are reported as having done an excellent business during their recent tours. Managers are referred to their card for information in regard to the variety of billing, testimonials, etc., they can offer among other inducements for time at first-class places.

HENWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION showed in Escanaba, Mich., April 27, Ishpeming 28, and is billed in Negaunee 30, Marquette May 1, thence to Hancock, Houlton, Red Jacket and Lake Superior ports.

J. H. LAINE'S CONCERT COMPANY is billed in Princeton, N. J., May 1, Freehold 2, and Hightstown 3.

MITCHELL HALL, Kendallville, Ind., which has just been remodeled and furnished with new scenery, can be rented through John Mitchell, proprietor.

AGENTS about visiting Frederick City, Md., are referred to Mr. G. W. Pringle's card in regard to J. J. Murdock's facilities for giving a prominent billing to all entertainments showing in that city.

SERENA'S MILTONIAN TABLEAUX of "Paradise Lost" are to be exhibited in Newark, N. J., for one week, commencing April 30.

BAIN'S PANORAMA of "The Pilgrim's Progress," Geo. W. Stevens manager, is to be exhibited in Pittsburg, Pa., this week, and in Allegheny the following week.

A BALLOON and fixtures are advertised for sale by J. E. Rosa.

OXYGEN AND HYDROGEN GAS and all necessary apparatus can be obtained at the N. Y. Calcium Light Co.'s address, published elsewhere.

GENERAL MITTE and Signorita Lucia Zarate held levees in Martin Hall, Albany, N. Y., the past week, attracting large audiences. B. F. Lowell is the business manager.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is to lecture in Philadelphia, May 7, Baltimore, Md., 8.

OUTSIDE ASCENSIONISTS can find engagements with J. H. Mack, who advertises.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA held their annual meeting April 25. The annual report states that the number of visitors for the year ending March 1, 1877, was 637,295, an increase of 237,519 over the preceding twelve months. The greatest number of visitors on any one day was 20,715, on Sunday, Oct. 29, 1876, the receipts being then $4,974.10. The receipts for admissions during the year were $151,060.63, being an increase over the previous year of $63,076.52. The average of Sunday admissions is over three times that of any other day of the week. The total number of specimens now living in the Zoological Garden, Fairmount Park, is 1,073, being an increase of 172 over the last statement; the entire collection is valued at $55,665. From the treasurer's report it seems that the receipts from all sources were $224,550.46, and the expenditures $202,654.17, leaving a balance of $21,896.29. There are a number of permanent improvements and valuable purchases made which are included and under the head of expenditures. The old board of officers was re-elected.

MISS HELEN POTTER gave readings and imitations at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, April 23. Anna Dickinson attempted, through her lawyer, to prevent Miss Potter from imitating her, but failed.

A "NATIONAL CONVENTION OF AERONAUTS" will be held in Philadelphia on the 2d of July next, with a view of discussing the feasibility of "crossing the Atlantic by balloon" with recent improved air-ships, and also taking part in an easterly air-tide balloon race for the "Aeronautic Championship of America." Balloon ascensions will be made during the Summer, on the grounds contiguous to the Permanent Exhibition, and commencing May 10, to be free to the public.

BAYARD TAYLOR lectured at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, April 24, his subject being "Literature as a Fine Art."

THE SPRING EXHIBITION at the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, commenced April 23.

HARRY JILLSON, aeronaut, whose address find in our advertising department, is prepared to make ascensions or furnish balloons.

BEN BROWN, comedian, general performer and manager, publishes elsewhere a recommendation of Mr. F. Gregory of Gregory's Winter Garden, St. Louis, Mo., where he has been performing for the past three months.

THE BERGER FAMILY OF BELLRINGERS and Sol Smith Russell open at Tremont Temple, Boston, on April 30, for one week.

LILLIAN, mentriloqual figures, magical apparatus, etc., can be purchased at W. J. Judd's establishment. See card.

AMATEUR.

THE YPSILANTI (MICH.) MUSICAL UNION performed "The Bohemian Girl" April 26, 27. Owen Fawcett, the well-known comedian, whose permanent residence is in Ypsilanti, is the leading feature of the programme of the occasion. The officers of the society are J. E. Fair, president; C. S. W. Baldwin, vice-president; J. A. Williams, secretary; P. J. Swaine, treasurer; C. D. Kimball, librarian; Chas. Hunt, corresponding secretary; and E. P. Allen, M. M. Corey and J. Brooks, executive committee. The opera, which was given under the direction of F. H. Pease, with F. J. Swaine stage-manager, and W. Hewitt pianist, was cast as follows: Count Arnheim, M. M. Corey; Thaddeus, C. H. Thompson; Florenstein, F. J. Swaine; Devilshoof, C. Kimball; Captain of the Guard, J. Newell; Arline, Miss Min. Earnshaw; Emily L. Allen; Queen of the Gipsies, Ida Chamberlain. The choruses were sung by the ladies and gentlemen of the Musical Union, and correct costumes and scenery were provided. Spell's Detroit Orchestra furnished the instrumental music.

"THE COLOR GUARD" was produced at the Paterson (N. J.) Opera-house April 26, with Thad. Farrell as Peter Hygley, under the auspices of Farragut Post, No. 28, G. A. R., to a fine house. It will be continued 30, May 1 and 2.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia performed "David Garrick" April 25 at their theatre in that city.

THE CINCINNATI DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia gave their sixth and last performance this season April 26, the programme consisting of "Helping Hands" and "Toodles."

THE GOOD-WILL LITERARY AND DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Leavenworth, Kas., performed "Troublesome Servants" and "The Dead Shot" April 24.

THE CINCINNATI DAVENPORT CLUB closed its regular season at Robinson's Opera-house April 26 with "The Willow Copse."....The closing entertainment of the Cincinnati Shakespeare Club, consisting of "School," is to take place at Melodeon Hall May 1.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

W. H. VERNON took a benefit at the Strand Theatre, London, April 7, John S. Clark appearing as Cousin Joe in "The Rough Diamond," and the first representation of "Mammon" being given.

DRURY LANE, Theatre, London, closed for the season April 7, and was announced to be for rent for a term of four months.

"THE DANISCHEFFS" was withdrawn from the stage of the St. James' Theatre, London, April 13, and the 14th "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" was given.

MR. AND MRS. J. C. WILLIAMSON were at last advices fulfilling a very successful engagement at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, Ireland. "Struck Oil" had been followed by "Arrah-na-Pogue." They are to leave for the United States about the latter part of May.

MISS KELLY POWER is seriously ill in London, and will not be able to tread the burlesque boards for some time to come.

A SON of the late George Belmore will be a candidate for the Freemasons' Boys' School, London, at the October election, and the support of the profession is solicited in his behalf.

"FRIEND," a new comedy by M. Rae, and "Mammon," an adaptation by Sydney Grundy of "Montjoye," the latest attractions in the British metropolis, are noticed at length upon another page.

MUSICAL.

"LES CHARBONNIERES," an operetta by Philippe Gille, music by M. Coste, was recently produced at the Varieties Theatre, Paris. The thrilling story is as follows: Pierre and Therese are two rival coal-dealers, with shops situated opposite each other, and they consequently cherish the bitterest mutual hatred. People in their trade in last city have faces begrimmed as sweeps, and, consequently, when Pierre finally assaults Therese, and the latter summons her assailant before the police-magistrate, it is not surprising that that functionary should postpone the hearing of the case to allow the parties to make use of a sufficient supply of soap and water to render their features visible to him. When they return their ablutions have worked such a change that they fail to recognize each other, and begin a courting-match, which ends in a withdrawal of the summons and an amalgamation of the rival establishments of the future husband and wife. Madame Judic appeared as Therese, and M. Dupuis as Pierre.

A CABLEGRAM to *The Herald* announces the first production in Paris, France, on Saturday evening, of M. Masseuet's new opera "Le Roi de Lahore," at the Grand Opera, before a brilliant audience. There are six scenes of wondrous beauty and 1,200 Oriental costumes blazing with gold and jewelry. The opera is an immense success as a spectacle. Critically speaking, the music is too symphonic for general popularity, and is very much in the style of Gounod. The instrumentation is magnificent. The music of the ballet is original and charming, and the ballet itself a delicious combination of picturesque effects. Mlle. Reszka appeared in the role of the heroine.

THE DEATH is announced at Florence, Italy, of the celebrated prima donna, Caroline Unger. She was born at Vienna in 1805, and was a pupil of Domenico Ronconi at Milan. She was very successful in Germany and Italy, but failed in Paris in 1833. Thirty-seven years ago she retired from the stage and devoted herself to works of charity. It was Caroline Unger who sang the contralto part at the first performance of the Choral Symphony, under Beethoven's direction, in Vienna in 1822.

A NEW OPERA has just been brought out at the Monnaie Theatre, Brussels, under the title of "Sir William," the words by M. Covelliers, and the music by M. Colyns. The principal parts of Miss Eva and Sir William were creditably filled by Mlle. Blum and M. Morlet, and the music was considered pleasing.

THE REPORT that Adelina Patti is coming to America is reported to be false. It is said she will sing in Paris next Winter for a season of five months.

THE DIFFICULTIES about Mlle. Albani's engagement with M. Escudier for the next season have, it is said, nearly been arranged with Mr. Gye, who has a long contract which controls the fair American singer's public appearances for some time to come.

THE NEW OPERA which Johann Strauss has promised for the Renaissance, Paris, next October will be entitled "Le Tzigane," and its chief roles will be created by Mlle. Zulma Bouffar and M. Ismael, Mlle. Bertha Jost, and the tenor Nigri. The libretto has been written by MM. Delacour and Wilder, and the music will be made up partly of that of "Fledermaus" and of "Cagliostro," while eight numbers have been specially written for it.

W. H. WOODFIELD, formerly a tenor singer with the Oates Opera Company, and also known in bouffe roles with the troupe singing at the Parisian Varieties this city two seasons ago, is to play Pluto at the Galete Theatre, Paris, during the coming revival of "Orphee aux Enfers."

VARIETY HALLS.

THE PHOITES opened in London, Eng., April 2. They are performing at the Metropolitan and Oxford Music Halls, where they are, according to late advices, meeting with success. They are to remain in London for some time yet, and, as the conclusion of their engagement there, go to Paris, they having been offered a strong inducement in the shape of big salary to perform in the latter city.

HARPER AND STANSILL, one-legged song-and-dance artists, were at last advices performing at the Gaiety Theatre, Liverpool, Eng. They expect to start for the Continent in a few days, opening in Berlin.

THE PHOITES opened at the Metropolitan and Oxford Music Halls, London, April 2, and met with gratifying success. They will go to Paris at the close of their present engagement, which is a lengthy one.

THE AMERICAN TEAM are in Paris, as are also the Girards.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

MRS. J. H. STRINGER, wife of the business-manager of Hague's Minstrels, died at Liverpool, Eng., April 17.

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

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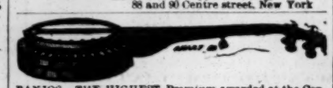
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ARTISTIC LITHOGRAPHER,
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NO. 865 BROADWAY,
ABOVE 17TH STREET, WEST SIDE,
ON OR BEFORE MAY 1, 1877.

The undersigned would take this opportunity of thanking his numerous patrons connected with the Amusement Profession for their past favors, and to respectfully solicit a continuance of the same at his new quarters, where he will be surrounded with increased facilities for the proper execution of the Lithographic Art in all its branches at PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES. All orders will receive his personal attention, and entire satisfaction will be guaranteed.
He takes great pleasure in announcing that he has arranged with
MR. J. E. JACKSON,
late of Jackson's Printing-house, Philadelphia, to assume the business management, whose time and energies will be devoted to this department, while his own will be directly and zealously applied to the Art Department. The establishment will be known as
THOMAS' LITHOGRAPHIC STUDIO,
and will have no connection with any other in the city, Mr. Jackson being the only authorized agent to solicit orders for the same.
We shall be pleased to have our professional friends and former patrons, both ladies and gentlemen, give us an early call, and examine our samples before going elsewhere, as we are confident they will find it greatly to their advantage to do so.
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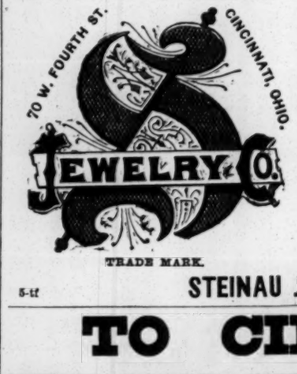
HENRY A. THOMAS.
NEW YORK, April 14, 1877. 4-3t



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A CARD FROM
PROF. S. S. AND CLARA
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THE ONLY ORIGINAL
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Years ago I ORIGINATED an
EXPOSE OF SPIRITUALISM.
Having some brains, I got up ORIGINAL designs for cuts, lithographs, etc. My success made many pirates without brains COPY my cuts, programmes, ads., etc. Many of these imitators were once employed by me as baggage handlers and were discharged. A party now in Illinois, bound South, managed by a DISCHARGED AGENT OF MINE named E. C. HALLER, claims to be the same as my expose. Do not mistake this "Sideshow" for
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GET YOUR PAY IN ADVANCE.
The past year I was under the management of Charles E. Locke. His able management and MY GRAND ENTERTAINMENT drew crowded houses everywhere. All over the West, in Texas, California, Oregon, Canada, Halifax, St. John, we crowded the largest halls. I purchased Mr. Locke's interest at Boston. In Providence, Fall River, New Bedford, in Wheeling, W. Va., and recently in the Oil Country, I drew big houses. In Pittsburg I refer to Eilaer & Canning as to business and character of entertainment. I refer to R. E. J. Miles, Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati. I play there again soon. I have an immense variety of new, costly picture paper, six kinds of lithographs, bill like a circus, draw like Barnum's Hippodrome, and give
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WILL MAKE THEIR SECOND ANNUAL TOUR, commencing on or about June 4, visiting the principal cities. THE COMPANY WILL BE COMPOSED OF FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS ONLY.
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BLANCHE CLIFTON,
THE AUSTRALIAN PEARL,
THE BEAUTIFUL AND GIFTED BURLESQUE ACTRESS,
NOW WITH ROLLIN HOWARD'S COMBINATION,
WILL VISIT THE PARIS EXPOSITION 1878,
6-1t EN ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA.

HENRY C. TRYON
FROM McVICKER'S THEATRE, CHICAGO, AND
L. L. GRAHAM,
FROM ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW ORLEANS, LA., are prepared to paint, in first-class metropolitan style, Scenery for theatres and public halls. Address for the present HENRY C. TRYON, or L. L. GRAHAM, Opera-house, Kendallville, Indiana. Permanent address, care McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. As we are "birds of passage," due notice of change of address will be given.
Respectfully,
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THE YOUNG AUSTRALIAN CHARACTER VOCALIST.
Just concluded a most SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT OF SEVEN MONTHS AT THE BELLA UNION THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., and
SPECIALLY ENGAGED FOR THE OPENING OF THE
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Every song original and written by E. G., including the following great successes: GRANNY AND I, THE HIGH-TONED BUM, BROWN'S WAGES, THE GERMAN LEADER, UNDER THE WILLOW, THE SCAPEGRACE. Shall start East in September, and should be pleased to hear from Proprietors and Managers.
Address ED. GLOVER,
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WORRELL SISTERS
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Managers having open dates please address
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BILLY EMERSON.....Sole Proprietor and Manager
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Stars and Specialty Artists desiring dates, please address as above.
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EXTENSIVE FANCY-GOODS EMPORIUM,
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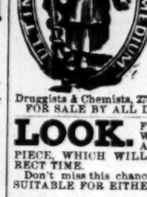

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